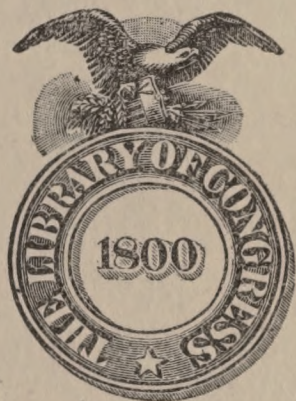


HENNY AND PENNY

Bertha Parker Hall





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HENNY AND PENNY

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

DUCKY DADDLES' PARTY

DUCKY DADDLES AND THE THREE BEARS

Illustrated from photographs by the author

Two charming books about Ducky Daddles and his friends; Sally, the rag doll; Becky, the doll with *real* curls; and Araminta.

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HENNY AND PENNY

BY
BERTHA PARKER HALL
Author of "DUCKY DADDLES' PARTY," etc.

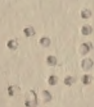


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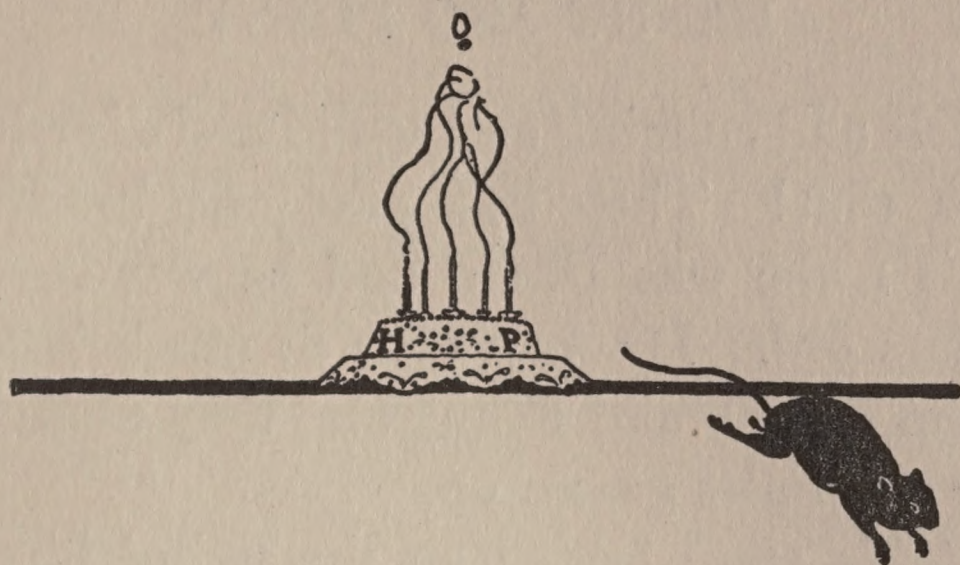
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To
A. P. H.
and
M. M. H.
from
B. P. H.

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HENNY AND PENNY



HENNY AND PENNY

CHAPTER I

THE BIRTHDAY

HENNY and Penny were twins; they were four years old on the same day. Their birthday was exactly the same, their clothes were just the same and their toys were the same, yet they themselves were very different.

Henny's real name was Henrietta, while Penny's right name was Penelope, still no one ever dreamed of calling them by those long names. They were too

little and cunning and round and dimpled for that! They had just one brother. His name was David and he was seven years old. He was ever so much taller than Henny and Penny and they thought he was quite grown up.

This story begins on the twins' birthday. It was a cold March day and of course the first thing to happen was that when they woke up they were kissed and spanked by every one in the house. They ran around in their nighties with feet in them, looking like two little blue bears, and I can tell you they felt *much* bigger and older than they did the day before when they were only three.

Father said "Are *you* four years old this morning? Well, you *are* big girls. Let me see if you have grown any taller than you were last year," and he took them in the bathroom and stood them up against the door, making marks with a pencil on the door just above their heads,

so that when they turned to look, sure enough, this year's mark was higher than last year's, which was made on their third birthday. They had grown all that distance in one year and they hadn't felt it a bit!

Soon the whole family was dressed, brushed and combed, and went trooping down the stairs—Father, Mother, David, Henny and Penny. When they got in the dining-room and the twins were lifted up into their high-chairs, there they found their plates turned upside down with packages under them, sticking out in all directions. “Oh-o-o-o, I've got a doll,” said Henny, taking the paper off the top package under her plate.

“So have I,” said Penny, undoing hers as quickly as she could.

“Oh, a ball!” squealed Henny.

“I've got a ball, too,” squealed Penny.

“A kitchen stove!” cried Henny, getting more and more excited.

"I've got a kitchen stove, too. Now we can cook for our dollies," cried Penny, jumping up and down in her high-chair.

"A na'kin ring," Henny was taking it out of the box. She meant napkin ring, but couldn't say it.

"So have I got a na'kin ring," and Penny took hers out of the box.

"Here's a nice penny in this box." The "penny" was a five-dollar gold piece from Grandfather.

"And here's *my* penny. Oh-o-o-o!" said Penny, kissing it because it was so shiny.

"I gave you the balls. Do you like that kind?" asked David, who was enjoying it as much as they were. In a second the twins slipped down from their chairs, ran to the other side of the table, and as they squeezed him cried "Oh *thank* you, Davy." And Father said "I gave you the kitchen stoves." At that

they ran to Father and nearly smothered him with hugs and kisses.

Mother said "Mother gave you the dollies and Nayno (she was their grandmother) sent the napkin rings and Baydo (he was their grandfather) sent the gold pieces." By this time the twins were both on Mother's lap.

"There is something in the hall closet from Dootsie," said Mother. "Go open the door and see what is there."

They flew to the hall closet and opened the door and dear, oh dear, what *do* you think was there? Two doll carriages, side by side! Two doll carriages with tops that moved up and down and straps to keep the babies from falling out, and brakes on the wheels. "Dootsie sent you those. Aren't they lovely?" said Mother. Dootsie was Mother's aunt, so she was the twins' aunt, too.

By this time the two little girls could

hardly speak. Mother said they *must* come and eat their breakfast, so they wheeled the carriages out, backed them around by their high-chairs and Mother put all the presents in them. The twins ate their oatmeal and other things, but between every mouthful they *had* to look around at those darling carriages. It took a long time for breakfast, because Mother made them eat as much as usual and would not let them jump down after drinking their orange juice (which was what they wanted to do, for they didn't feel a bit hungry with all those new things to look at).

The whole morning was spent wheeling the carriages, just full of dolls, up and down the sidewalk, but just after dinner there was some trouble. First—Penny spilled a bottle of red ink all over her dress and white stockings, and while her clothes were being changed, Henny, who was waiting for her alone in the liv-

ing-room, happened to turn around and see a box of chocolates on the table! When she reached up to feel of it, over it went, scattering candies all over the floor. They looked perfectly delicious and Henny thought if she ate the ones that were under the table no one would know about it. Just as she was enjoying herself Mother came in and said, "Henny dear, you know you are not allowed to eat candy without permission. Now I will have to shut you up in the Naughty Closet, and on your birthday, too!" So she did. It wasn't a dark closet, but the window was small and very high up, and there was nothing interesting in it—nothing but shelves full of sheets and towels and pillow-cases, with a chair to sit on when you were being punished.

Henny sat very still licking the chocolate off her fingers. Pretty soon she heard a little rustling noise. "I fink that's a bear," she thought, but just then

her bright eyes spied a tiny mouse running close to the wainscoting.

"Here, Mousie, Mousie," she whispered. The mouse stood still. Henny felt in her wee pocket for some cake crumbs left over from a cake some one had given her that morning. She threw them on the floor but the mouse took no notice of them. "That's nice cake, Mousie. Eat some," she urged, still in a whisper.

She sat so quietly that her patience was soon rewarded. The mouse stuck his head out and his whiskers began to move back and forth as he smelled of the nearest crumb. Then, to Henny's delight, he ate it. He looked at her and she looked at him. Neither one moved. He grew bolder and made a quick run for the next crumb. Henny never stirred. Then Mr. Mouse lost all his fear and ran about from crumb to crumb, eating every one.

"That mouse is as good as a carpet-sweeper," thought Henny.

When Mother put her hand on the door knob outside, the little fellow scuttled away and disappeared without a sound. "Are you sorry, Henny?" came Mother's voice through the door. "Yes, Mother." Henny had almost forgotten what she ought to be sorry for, she was so delighted with her new friend, and as soon as the chocolate was washed off her face and hands, she ran to find Penny and tell her all about it. Penny was just as pleased and excited, and they agreed to keep it for their Secret.

"Let's go see the mousie now, Henny," said Penny. They tried to get the door open but the handle was too high for them to turn it when they stood on the floor, and they dared not get a chair, for fear Mother would come up the stairs and discover their Secret. "We'll have to

wait until we get punished," whispered Penny. They soon forgot the mouse, for they were going to have a Birthday Party that afternoon and it was time to get dressed.

"Please, Mother, I want my sugar wibbon," begged Henny, meaning her white hair ribbon.

"Why do you call it your sugar ribbon, Henny?"

"Because I like it so much," replied the happy child.

"I call mine my salt wibbon because it looks like salt," said Penny, who had never thought of naming it before.

"Now you look like two little white angels," said Delia, coming in at the door when they were all dressed.

"I *am* going to be a angel, Delia, and plant flowers in God's garden. I'll plant sweet peas like the ones on your Sunday dwess, and eating peas, too, so you can eat them for your dinner, Delia."

"Thank you, darlin', but I'm thinkin' it will be a good while before such mischievous children as you are will turn into angels. There goes the door bell. The party must be coming!"

Delia hurried down the stairs with the twins close behind, and David slid down the banister and beat them all. Sure enough, it was the beginning of the party. David's friend, John Pepper, stood outside with a package in each hand. When he had come in and taken off his coat, he held the packages high above his head and said, "I'll give you each three guesses, and if you guess right you can have these to open and keep for yourselves."

This was great fun.

"I guess it's a canary *baid*," said Henny, for she had wanted one a long time.

"How could a canary bird be shut up in a paper without air? It would die.

No, you're wrong. Now you guess, Penny."

"A dollie's bed."

"Now you know that isn't the shape of a doll's bed. Guess again.

"A tea set."

"No, it isn't a tea set. One more guess."

"A—a mouse!" said Penny, thinking of what Henny had told her before they were dressed.

"No, you silly baby, it isn't a mouse. Now *you* try, Henny."

"I know—a popgun for Davy."

"I wouldn't bring David a popgun on *your* birthday. It's something for you—something girls like. Henny tried once more. "It's a dolly," she whispered. And so it was. Out of each package came one of those funny French peasant dolls with wool hair and bright red spots on their cheeks. The twins jumped up and down for joy. Often they had seen

those same dolls in the toy-shop window and wished they could take them home. They lifted all the other dolls out of the carriages, putting the new ones in, and I don't doubt that the French dolls felt very grand indeed sitting up in those elegant carriages, each one with a nice new mother to take care of her.

The bell rang again and the rest of the party came right along. First Jamie, the lame boy who lived next door, hobbled in on his crutches, and with him was his little brother George. Then Mrs. Steadman who lived at the Old Ladies' Home and did most of Mother's plain sewing. She was a great favorite with the twins. After her came the dog from across the way—Gyp. The maid brought him on a leash, but as soon as he saw his playmates she let him loose, asking what time she should call for him. He bounded in, licking the children's hands, almost knocking them down in his delight at seeing them.

The last one to come was pretty Miss Frances, looking so sweet with her red cheeks and brown eyes. Then the fun began. Even Gyp loved playing *Hide the Thimble*, and barked excitedly at the uproar when it was found. *London Bridge* was a great favorite, too, and Penny *would* say "So, farewell my gemplum," when it was a gentleman instead of a lady. *Going to Boston* came next, then *The Farmer in the Dell*. After that it was time to go into the dining-room. Was *this* their dining-room? They could hardly believe it. It was all trimmed up with smilax, with little twinkling lights and flowers, and looked very much like Fairyland. Instead of Father's and Mother's big chairs at the ends of the table, the twins' high-chairs were there. In the very centre was a great Jack Horner pie (not a real pie you know, but a pink paper one with ribbons hanging out

of it, and each ribbon reached to some one's plate).

"First you must eat your sandwiches and cocoa, children," said Mother. She did not have to tell them to eat the forms of ice-cream which came next—ice-cream engines and automobiles and boats and cupids—and the delicious little cakes with pink and green and chocolate icing on them. They liked these so much they ate them *without* being told.

Then the pantry door was held open, a bright light shone through, and riding high up on Delia's tray, side by side, came two birthday cakes, each with a wreath of flowers around it, each with five candles on top—four for their four years, and one to grow on. How thrilled everybody was from Mrs. Steadman down! First the twins blew the candles out and then Mother lighted them over and over again so that every one could try blowing them

out with one breath. Then the twins cut the cakes and each guest had a piece of each cake (one had orange icing on it and the other was chocolate).

"Now it is time to open the pie," said Mother. "You pull your string first, Mrs. Steadman." Mrs. Steadman pulled as if she were fishing and had a big bite. "What *can* it be?" she wondered. The twins had been shopping with Mother to buy all the contents of the pie, so they knew what was on the end of Mrs. Steadman's ribbon.

"Guess," cried Henny, jumping up and down.

"It's a book," Mrs. Steadman guessed as she drew it up to her.

"It isn't a reading book. It's a needle book with lots and lots of needles for you to sew buttons on with."

"Why, so it is. Just what I wanted. How did you know?" asked their old friend.

"Oh, I knowed you b'woke your needle last time when you sewed buttons on my wompers," said Penny.

"Now *you* pull, Miss Fwances," cried Henny. Miss Frances had a flat package tied with her favorite green ribbon. "What *can* this possibly be?" she asked.

"It's me and Penny," said Henny, who couldn't wait for the paper to be taken off. "We looked pleasant, like the man said."

"And he gave us two candies. He said we were good *gails* to sit still," added Penny. Miss Frances was so pleased with her photograph of the twins that she had to jump up and kiss them both. "I shall keep it on my bureau where I can see it ever so many times a day," she told them. Jamie's ribbon had a big mouth organ on the other end, George's a bright red ball. John Pepper's had a knife with three blades in it and so did David's, just like John's.

They tried to make Gyp pull his, but he

couldn't understand what they wanted, so Henny pulled it for him, and *what* was tied fast to it but a chocolate mouse!

"Look at your Happy Birthday present, Gypsy," said Henny, holding it close to his nose. Gyp took one smell, one look—and swallowed it whole! At that very moment the door bell rang. It was the maid after Gyp, and the cab for Mrs. Steadman. Miss Frances said she must go, too, and Jamie and George and all of them went with many thanks to Mother and the twins for asking them to such a lovely party.

That night after Henny and Penny had been put to bed and were left alone in their cribs, side by side, each holding a new doll in her arms, Penny whispered "Come over here." Henny moved over and put her little face close to the bars of her crib.

"God gave us a happy birthday, didn't he?"

"Yes," said Henny, "I said thank you, did you?"

"Yes I did," replied Penny. "Henny, what is our mouse's name?"

"John Henry," answered Henny, making it up on the instant. Penny thought that was a good name for a mouse, and wished it could have had some crumbs of the birthday cakes, so in a few minutes both little children were fast asleep with the cool night air blowing in on them through the wide-open windows.



CHAPTER II

THE CHICKEN POX

ABOUT a week after their birthday, a night came when the twins could scarcely sleep. They were hot, calling for drinks of water every few minutes, and by morning their foreheads were dotted all over with spots. Mother telephoned for the doctor and after breakfast he came in, big and smiling, looked them over, and said they had the chicken pox.

“Did a chicken peck Henny’s face full of spots in the night, Doctor?” asked Penny.”

“Yes, it did,” said the feverish Henny eagerly. “It flew in the windoo and sat on my pillow and pecked me all night and I couldn’t make it go away. It was a white chicken. It pecked you, too,—Penny.”





“No, not a white one didn’t. I had a black chicken that pecked me and I said, ‘Go away,’ and it said, ‘Cut-cut-cut-aw’— ‘No, I won’t, no, I won’t.’ ”

The doctor laughed. He said, “You must be good children and take the medicine I give you so those chickens won’t come back and peck you any more.”

Like all children when they are not well, the twins were perfectly darling the first few days, so patient, so good and quiet. Every time Mother did anything for them they would put their hot little arms around her neck and say, “I love you, Mother. Do you love me?” She had a cot put in the nursery so she could sleep on it and hear them if they asked for anything in the night, staying near them all the time. Father and David came in sometimes, but the twins took very little notice of them, looking at them silently with fever-bright glistening eyes, while they breathed as quickly as panting dogs.

Mother's cot was between the two cribs so that she could reach out and take hold of a little hand on each side if they wanted comforting, or put back the covers they kicked off so frequently. On the fourth morning as she was awaking she heard a small voice in the dark—"Mother, wouldn't it make you laugh to see a cow walking on his tail?" And then another voice on the other side—"Mother, wouldn't it make you laugh to see a elephant standing on his trunk?" Then Mother knew they were better.

By afternoon they were lots better and asking for their "Play Boxes," so Mother went up in the garret to get them. The twins sat propped up in bed against big pillows, eagerly waiting for her to come down again. When she brought in two large pasteboard boxes, exactly alike, they clapped their hands for joy. "Oh, I *love* to be sick," said Henny.

"I love to be sick, too," echoed Penny,

hardly able to wait to have her box set down on her legs, and to get the lid off. The "Play Boxes" were full of playthings that the children were never allowed to have except when they were sick in bed, and that is what made them so much fun. One was marked HENNY in big black letters on the top, and the other was marked PENNY.

"Oh, *here's* my *moo* cow." Henny pounced upon a small red cow with a bell around its neck and hugged it affectionately.

"Here's my Ba Ba Black Sheep," said Penny, kissing it on the nose. In Henny's box there were a couple of bears, a lion, a tiger, an alligator, a horse and wagon, some Japanese men and houses and ever so many other things.

Penny had a flock of chickens and ducks, a panther with green eyes, some small dolls, a pointed cap made out of cocoanut fibre, which she put on her head, and

dozens of trinkets of different kinds. Mother said, "Now that you have all these things to play with and are feeling so much better, I will go in my room and take a little nap."

"Mother," said Penny, "I know how you sleep a cat nap."

"How?" asked Mother.

"Why, you sleep with one eye shut and one eye open."

"Well, I am going to sleep with both eyes shut, and you must be good children and not call me unless you really need me."

"All right, Mother, we'll be good."

Mother went in her room and shut the door, and the twins played with their new-old toys a long time. Then they heard David shut the hall door and come up the stairs on his way home from school.

"Davy, come and play with us," they cried when he opened the door. It was raining and he could not go out of doors,

so of course he accepted their invitation.

"Shall we make a bridge?" he asked, "I'll get a board and put one end on Henny's crib and one on yours. You can live on this side of the river and Henny on the other."

"Oh, *yes*," they said, "get a board quick, Davy." So he found a small board in the Playroom and put it across from one crib to the other. Then straightway the animals began to troop across it with the help of six little hands. "I never saw a bridge unless it was over water," said David, pretty soon. "Oh, *I* know what we can do!" Off he darted to the bathroom, returning very slowly with a heavy china wash-bowl filled with water. This he set down on the floor underneath the bridge, and it made an excellent pond. Henny's cow got sick and died and David had to make a coffin to carry it away in.

"It is too bad that cow died," said Henny regretfully, as she saw it being

carted off with the horse and wagon, "because I meant to save him to make mutton out of him."

"My sheep is sick, too. He ate too much jam," Penny announced solemnly. Every single one of the animals died and it kept David very busy finding enough boxes for coffins, and going back and forth on his knees across the nursery floor, pulling the horse and cart along with one hand on the horse's back. Soon the grave-yard behind the door was filled to overflowing with dead animals, and they all had to come alive again and be put back in the cribs.

Then David made tents of the sheets and they played circus, the twins getting so much better every minute that they soon stopped looking on and began to act in the circus, themselves. "There goes the pigeon overboard!" screamed Henny.

Sure enough! The unlucky bird was crossing the bridge and it fell off into the

water underneath. "Oh, he's drowning, he's drowning," cried Penny, leaning over the railing of her crib to get a better view of the poor pigeon lying at the bottom of the bowl. Mother had told Penny over and over to say drowning instead of drowning, but she never *could* remember.

"Davy, get him out. He's drowning!" David ran to the rescue, fished out the poor unfortunate bird and dried it off on his trousers. And then, somehow or other, the animals, one by one, began to fall in with loud splashes. Some of them sank to the bottom, like the pigeon, and some floated on top. The excited children laughed at every fresh splash. David was obliged to bring towels out of the bathroom to lay on the floor around the bowl, and when the water was all splashed out, he had to fill it a second time. Shortly after that Mother awoke from her nap, and came in to see how they

were getting on. It did make them feel as if everything was not quite as it should be when they saw Mother looking at the wet towels on the floor and the wet animals in the cribs and the paint that had come off the colored toys on Davy's trousers.

Mother thought at first that it was pretty bad, but then she thought, "They don't know why those towels can't be used again. The bowl of water *did* make it more real, and they are very happy and *I* am so glad they are well enough to play again," so instead of scolding them, she explained why they ought not to get everything wet. Afterward she and Davy cleared away the mess. Then she gave the twins nice warm baths, and they looked too sweet sitting up in their cribs and eating their suppers on trays. David ran up and down stairs waiting on them, and after he had carried the trays down,

Mother took him on her lap and rocked him.

"Please tell us a story now, will you, Mother? Please? Tell about when you were a little girl."

"Well," began Mother, "once there was a little girl who spent all her summers in the country. She had no children to play with, so she had to do everything by herself. One summer she had twenty-five cats and kittens. Most of the kittens were in nests in the hay-mows, where the little girl visited them every day. She had a cat house made out of an old turkey coop. Inside it she put soap boxes to make dining-room tables for the old cats, and that was where they had their meals. Sometimes she took long walks with her grandfather and his dogs. Then the dogs would run sniffing around in the grass, killing dozens of field mice which the little girl picked up to carry home in a basket for

her cats. She put grape leaves around on the soap-box tables and laid a mouse on each leaf. After that she knocked on a plate with a spoon, calling the cats—"Kit-ty, Kit-ty, Kit-ty!" They came running from all directions, but when she tried to make them sit properly at the table, they weren't at all well-mannered. They seized their mice, growling, and ran off a little way so that the other cats could not touch them.

"One summer the little girl had a pet blue-eyed goose. He used to like to stand near her while she rubbed his long white neck and talked to him. Another time she had a tame duck. She used to put that in a basket and set it on top of the piano when she had to practise. Sometimes the duck, hearing the piano playing, would put its head over the top of the basket and answer back in soft little quacks, thinking the music was other ducks.

"One summer day the little girl went for

a ride with her grandfather to a farm where they had the darlinest baby lambs. She was wild with delight over them, so when the farmer's mother very kindly offered to give her one, Grandfather couldn't resist her begging, and let her take it home in the carriage.

"The little girl and the lamb were always together, except when she ate and slept. It even came in the house and upstairs sometimes, but usually she stayed out of doors with it, and rainy days they spent in the summer house together. The lamb's name was Molly. The very next summer Molly had a little lamb of her own, named Tommy, so there were three playmates instead of two. Another thing that little girl owned was a fat yellow pony, named Dandy, and a dog cart with seats on the side and a canopy top with fringe on it.

"But the cunningest of all the pets she ever had was a tiny pink pig, as soft as

velvet. One of the farm hands brought it in from the pigpen. He said the old mother could only feed ten, so she would kill all over that number. It was a runt, he said, and would never grow very big.

“You can imagine how delighted the little girl was with that mite of a pink thing. Her aunt fixed a bottle of warm milk and water which the pig drank just like a baby. It slept in a box of hay, and had its milk every two hours. In a short time it followed every step the little girl took—in the house and out. Pigs do not seem to see very well, but they have quick ears, and this pig knew the instant his young mistress spoke, and would answer her with grunts or squeals. When they went to the Post Office after the mail, if the pig stopped to root in the ground with his funny, blunt nose, while the little girl walked on ahead, he would look up, but couldn’t see her. Then he stood still and squealed. At that she laughed and said,

'Come, Pig, come Pig,' and when he heard her voice he ran toward her as straight as an arrow.

"Every few days she gave him a bath. She put him in a small tub, lathered him all over with soap, and scrubbed him with an old hair-brush, but he squealed and struggled so, she always had somebody give him his bottle, to keep him still, while she washed him. If he finished the bottle before she was through scrubbing him, there was an awful time! After his bath, she dried his silky fur and rocked him to sleep with his head on her shoulder. Then she laid him carefully across her lap where he would sleep for an hour or two while she read a book. Now that's all I can think of, and you must go to sleep."

"Was that you, Mother?"

"Yes."

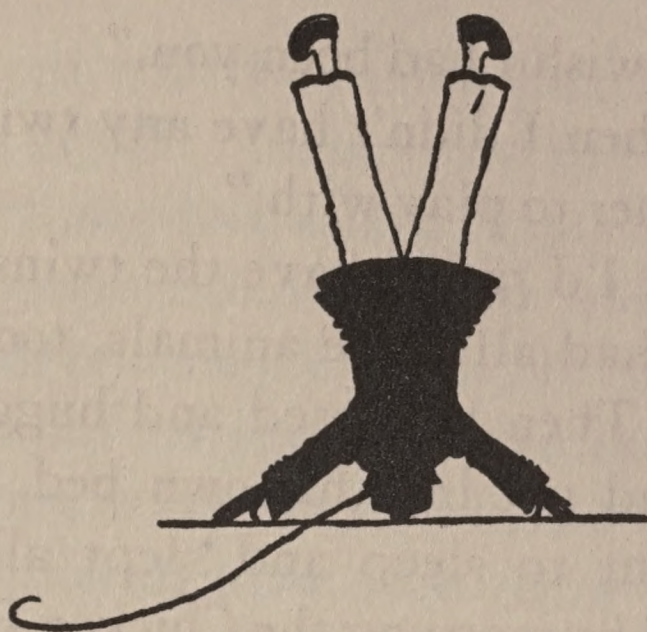
"Did you *really* have a little pig and all those things?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I wish I had been you."

"But then I didn't have any twins or a nice brother to play with."

"Well, I'd rather have the twins, but I wish we had all those animals, too," said David. Then he kissed and hugged the twins, and got into his own bed. They went right to sleep and slept all night long, and by morning the Chicken Pox was gone.



CHAPTER III

DIGGING THROUGH TO CHINA

NOW it was beginning to be time for mud pies. Some days the sunshine was quite warm and in the sheltered place where the sand-pile was, the twins cooked in what they played was their kitchen. They mixed a little dirt with a very little water, patted it out thin and then they took a Baking Powder can, cutting nice round cakes out with it. These cakes they put side by side on shingles and set them out in the sun, and the sun made

them hard and pale, and then the twins pretended to eat them. They played they were sugar cookies and gingersnaps. Really they could almost taste them, they looked so good. Sometimes they put little stones over the tops for raisins and the stones baked into the cakes and stuck fast even when they were turned upside down. One day, after dozens and dozens of cakes had been baked, Henny had an idea. "Let's dig through to China," she proposed.

"Will we see the Chinamen walking on their heads?" asked Penny eagerly.

"Yes, and we'll have to walk on *our* heads, too. Won't it be funny to go bumping along on our heads down there?" At that they both tried to practise standing on their heads so that they would know how, but they were so fat and little, so bundled up with coats and things, they simply couldn't do it. David came around the corner while they were trying,

and he stood on his head without any trouble at all. "Davy, will *you* help us dig to China?" they begged. He ran off to the barn after his shovel, and they all three dug and dug, and the hole got bigger and deeper and wider, and after a great deal of work it was deep enough for them to stand in it without being able to see over the top. They heard Uncle Ed whistling, and in a moment he stood tall and straight on the bank above their heads. "Well, what are you youngsters up to now?" he asked.

"Oh, Uncle Ed, come on down and help us dig to China," they cried. "Please come. We'll get there ever so much quicker if you'll help. Please, Uncle Ed."

"I'm so heavy I might fall through and scare those Chinamen. I'll watch you dig. Let me see what kind of workers you are." They shoveled harder than ever and the dirt flew in every direction, and their

cheeks were so red they looked like winter apples. In a few minutes Mother called from the house, "Children, it's time for your supper." They were so hungry they dropped their shovels and started to scramble out, but Uncle Ed stopped them. "That's no way for good workmen to do," he said. "Bring your shovels out and put them away in the barn where they belong. Good workmen always put their tools away when they are through with them." So they picked up their shovels and Uncle Ed reached down and helped them climb out of the hole and walked with them to the barn, where they left their shovels leaning against the wall, all in a neat row. "That's the way I like to see things done," he said, and gave each of the twins a toss-up in the air, which was what they loved.

"I'm hungry," said Penny, "I could eat a million, billion, *spillion* dishes of cereal!"

"I could eat your supper and my supper

and Davy's supper and Uncle Ed's supper!" said Henny. "Toss me up again, *please*, Uncle Ed."

"If I am going to toss you up it had better be before you eat all those suppers. You will be so heavy then I won't be able to lift you," so up she went, high in the air, and Penny right after her. They ran to the house with Uncle Ed chasing them, brushed their feet on the mat and trooped up to the nursery where Mother was waiting to take off their caps and unbutton their heavy blue coats and pull off their leggings, and then baths had to come before supper. Fortunately for little hungry tummies the tubs were filled and waiting so that no time need be lost. Davy took his bath in Mother's bathroom all by himself except for Mother's scrubbing the sand out of his head and washing behind his ears, but the twins were set one in each end of the big nursery tub and soaped from head to foot. And *then* didn't they

come out bright and shining in their nighties, bathgowns and slippers, looking fit to be eaten themselves!

In the nursery a little round table was waiting, all set with bowls and mugs that had fat yellow chickens painted on them. The children could hardly wait to have their bibs tied on before they began to eat cereal, scrambled eggs, bread-and-butter and cocoa, with apple sauce for dessert. They looked so sweet with their bright eyes and red cheeks and mouths all over apple sauce and their little white teeth that showed all the time because they laughed so much that Mother *had* to call Uncle Ed to come up and look at them.

"Do you know who's coming to-morrow, Uncle Ed?" asked David. "Sylvia's coming."

"Who is Sylvia?" (Uncle Ed really knew, but wanted to make some talk.)

"Sylvia's a girl—a big girl," said Henny.

"She's our cousin," David explained, "and she's going to stay a week."

"Will she help us dig to China?" asked Penny.

"No, of course not. Big girls don't dig. They go walking and go to parties," said David.

"I'm going to get in her bed every morning," announced Henny.

"No, *I* am. I want to wake her up. *Can't* I wake her up, Mother?"

"You may both wake her up once in a while when Mother says so."

"*I* am going to the station to meet her because Mother needs a boy to carry her bag, don't you, Mother?" said David.

"What's the matter with my meeting Sylvia?" asked Uncle Ed. "Don't you think I'm a big enough boy to carry her bag?"

David looked very sober at this, and Mother, seeing his mouth go down in the corners a little bit, knew how hard he was

trying not to show his disappointment, and hurriedly broke in with, "We can't take you this time, Uncle Ed. I have made an engagement with Davy to carry Sylvia's bag, and no one else will do." David smiled happily. The front door banged below and up the stairs came Father, two steps at a time.

"I thought I would get here in time to have a bite," said he, kissing Mother on his way to the table, "but I see I am too late." The children were scraping their apple-sauce dishes and every plate was empty. David slipped out of his chair, went over to the corner where his train was standing on the track, took an orange out of the coal-car and brought it back to his father. "You may have my orange, Father." He offered it with both his small hands.

"No, son, I'd rather see *you* eat it."

"I'd rather see *you* eat it, please."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Father, "we'll eat it together."

So Father sat down with David on his lap and peeled the orange and pretended to eat most of it, but somehow he only ate two sections and Davy had the rest, and they were both satisfied. Meanwhile the twins rode-a-cock-horse on Uncle Ed's foot until Mother thought they were getting too excited before going to bed, so she sent Father and Uncle Ed downstairs, and lighted the candles on the Prayer Table and they all four knelt down and said their prayers, and then Mother lifted the twins into their cribs and tucked them in, and held David on her lap while she read—

" 'I think I want some pies this morning,'
Said Dick, stretching himself and yawn-
ing;

So down he threw his slate and books,
And sauntered to the pastry-cook's.
And there he cast his greedy eyes

Round on the jellies and the pies,
So to select, with anxious care,
The very nicest that was there.
At last the point was thus decided:
As his opinion was divided
'Twixt pie and jelly, being loth
Either to leave, he took them both.
Now, Richard never could be pleased
To stop when hunger was appeased,
But would go on to eat still more
When he had had an ample store.
'No, not another now,' said Dick;
'Dear me, I feel extremely sick:
I cannot even eat this bit,
I wish I had not tasted it.'
Then slowly rising from his seat,
He threw his cheesecake in the street,
And left the tempting pastry-cook's
With very discontented looks.
Just then a man with wooden leg
Met Dick, and held his hat to beg;
And while he told his mournful case
Looked at him with imploring face.
Dick, wishing to relieve his pain,
His pockets searched, but searched in
vain;

And so at last he did declare
He had not left a farthing there.
The beggar turned with face of grief,
And look of patient unbelief,
While Richard now his folly blamed,
And felt both sorry and ashamed.
'I wish,' said he (but wishing's vain),
'I had my money back again,
And had not spent my last, to pay
For what I only threw away.
Another time I'll take advice,
And not buy things because they're nice;
But rather save my little store,
To give to those who want it more.' "

When Mother had turned out the light
and left them alone Penny whispered,
"Do you s'pose we'll have pigtails in
China, Henny?"

"Yes. I don't like pigtails."

"I don't want to walk on my head,
Henny. Don't let's dig to China any
more."

"All right," said Henny, "it's nicer here.
Goodnight."

CHAPTER IV

MEETING SYLVIA

THE next morning Penny flew down the stairs calling to her twin, "I'm beating you, Henny," and Henny came after equally fast calling out, "I'm beating some other children down." They were just *play* children that Henny was beating. There was one big chair in the library which the twins loved and which they called the Snuggly Chair. When Mother and Father came down to breakfast, there they sat side by side in the Snuggly Chair, their feet sticking straight out in front of them, their curly brown heads bent over a large linen book with pictures of farm animals in it. They had lots of fun making the noises of all the animals and sometimes it sounded like a whole barnyard full when they turned the leaves over

very fast. "Aren't they *too* sweet?" whispered Mother, and Father had to acknowledge that they were, and then put his arm around his boy so that he wouldn't feel left out. "Father," said David, "I have the grandest dreams."

"Well, son, what do you dream about?"

"Oh, fish and guns and bands and soldiers."

"I dream about bears and angels," said Henny.

"I don't dream nuffin'," Penny asserted as she slid down out of the chair.

"Oh, don't say that, Penny. Say 'I don't dream anything,' " corrected David.

"I don't dream nuffin'," repeated contrary Penny, "and I want my becksha."

At breakfast they talked about Sylvia, and David was sorry she was not coming in the morning instead of the afternoon, so that he could stay home from school. She wasn't, though, and when he had finished breakfast he put on his hat and coat

and started off with his books under his arm. Mother went upstairs and Henny climbed up on the outside of the banister. "How do you suppose I could do that, Muddy?" she asked.

"I don't know. How could you?"

"I used my brain and my feet and legs."

"Three good things together," laughed Mother. She went to the closet to get their coats and hats and things so they could go out in the yard to play. They were the best children about amusing themselves and thinking of things to do. They never bothered Mother by whining "What shall I do now, Mother? I don't know what to do next," like *some* little boys and girls I've heard of! All morning they had a grand time out of doors, and after dinner they took their naps.

When they were safe in bed Mother and David started for the station. Arrived there, they went inside to ask if the train was on time. The ticket man looked out

of his grated window and said it was ten minutes late, so as it was much too hot inside they walked out on the platform. On their way they passed the news-stand which David had to stop and look at. It was bright and gay with all the colors of the rainbow made by magazines with pretty pictures on them hanging across the top on a line, and stacked in holders up and down the sides and at the back. On the counter there were piles of newspapers while in little square boxes he could see chocolate bars with lolly-pops and chewing-gum and toy lanterns and glass engines filled with candy. The man behind the counter was chewing gum, talking and laughing with a customer. He wore his hat on the back of his head and looked jolly and fat. David thought he must be very happy to live in such a pretty place with plenty of candy to eat and so much going on about him all the time. He certainly looked happy.

David found the outside of the station just as interesting as the inside. People drove up in cabs at a break-neck speed and jumped out all excited at the thought of having missed the train—and then found it was not even in yet! The expressmen, looking so important with brass plates on their caps, hauled long trucks piled high with trunks, to a waiting place alongside the track. The newsboys ran about with papers under their arms. One of them was no bigger than David. There he was among all those people, alone without his father or mother. *That* must be fun, David thought. He wished he could do that, too. They walked past the boot-black who was always on his knees before a man sitting high up above him. David liked to see him put his bare hands right in the black polish and smear it on the man's shoes. Maybe he *never* had to wash. That made it seem even nicer to be a boot-black than to be a newsboy. There was

nothing that got on David's nerves so much as having to wash his hands, and he risked being sent away from the table for dirty hands twice every day, hoping no one would notice them, rather than go and wash them in the first place. Yes, the boot-black had the best of it, according to David's way of thinking. His hands were such a nice *comfortable* color!

Then a hand-car came down the track. Four men were working the handle up and down like a pump, and they flew past like the wind. How David wished *he* could do that. Mother let him look into the restaurant and see the steaming urns of coffee, the sandwiches and cakes and pies under glass covers, and the high stools along the counter. He would have given almost anything to sit perched up on one of those stools and have a plate and cup and saucer put down in front of him, and eat there as those men were doing. When he got to be a man and earned

money of his own he would sit on a high stool and eat at a counter, too!

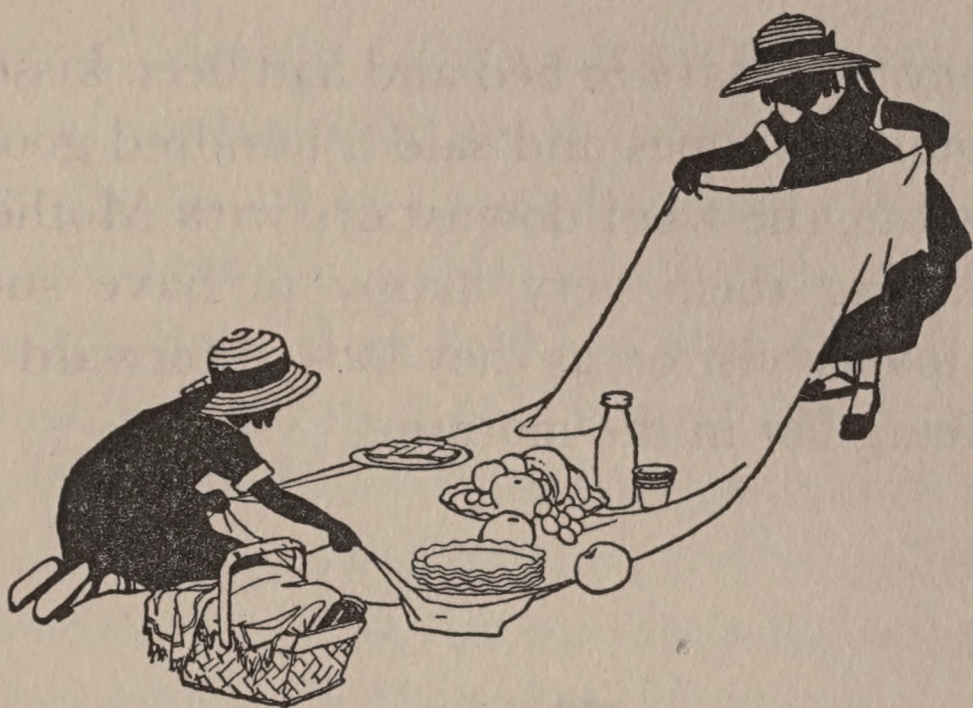
The Sandwich Man, dressed in a white coat, and carrying a large basket of sandwiches, lifted up a door in the counter and came out. He saw David looking at him and began to call, "Sandwiches, sandwiches - ham - tonga - cheese."

They followed him out and found the people all gathering together. The train must be coming. Thrills! It was. More thrills! Slowly the great black monster came sliding down the track towards them. David took hold of Mother's hand and held his breath. What if he stood in front of it! What if he so much as put one foot on the track! The monster would come right on, just the same, and cut his foot off! It *was* terrifying, and oh, the noise it made as it passed, and the puffings and snortings of steam that came out of it! Slowly it hauled the cars up and stopped, and people poured

out of them onto the platform. Mother said, "There is Sylvia," and David looked up and saw coming down the steps of the car the sweetest, prettiest girl. There were hugs and kisses, and Mother told Sylvia to let David carry her bag. Sylvia said it was too heavy, but he said no it wasn't. It really wasn't *too* heavy, but it weighed so much that he was glad to walk behind the ladies so that they shouldn't see how often he had to change it from one hand to the other. In the taxi David sat opposite Mother and Sylvia, looking at them talking and laughing together and it seemed to him that he had never seen such lovely ladies. Henny and Penny were waiting for the visitor and ran out to meet her, and they all escorted her up to her room, talking and playing there while she unpacked her bag and trunk. When supper time came, Sylvia sat by the nursery table and talked to the three children until they finished eating. After

they were safe in bed and had been kissed countless times and said a hundred good-nights, she went downstairs with Mother, leaving them very happy to have such a lovely visitor, as they looked forward to seeing her in the morning.





CHAPTER V

UNDER THE OAK TREE

THE next night Mrs. Steadman came to stay with the children because Mother was giving a dinner for Sylvia and then the people at the dinner were all going on to a dance. The house had smelt like a party all afternoon—like almonds being salted and all kinds of delicious things, and the children had been in to look at the long table sparkling with glass and silver and decorated with lovely

flowers, before they went upstairs to get ready for bed. Now they were in their nighties and bathgowns and were sitting around the nursery table. David had put the bowl with goldfish in it on the table for a centrepiece, and the twins were knocking against the bowl with their spoons. Every time a fish appeared close to the glass staring out at them, a tap of the spoon would make Mr. Fish dart away as quick as a wink with a little flirt of his tail. Mrs. Steadman sat in a low rocking-chair near by. "What would your cat do if he could see those fish, Mrs. Steadman?" asked David.

"I'm afraid he would jump up on the table. He would try to catch them from the outside, and then when he found he couldn't do that, he would put his paw in the water. He wouldn't be able to catch them, though, because the water is too deep and cats don't like to get wet."

"Why didn't you bring him along?"

asked Henny. "What is he doing?"

"He is fast asleep on his cushion. He never likes to go away from home," said Mrs. Steadman.

"Please tell about when you were a little girl," begged David.

"What shall I tell about it?"

"Oh, about how you lived in that little red house and about the Oak Tree and how you played house," David replied.

"Henny and Penny, do *you* want me to tell about the Oak Tree and the dolls we used to make?" asked Mrs. Steadman.

"Oh, ye-e-e-s, please," cried the twins, their eyes as bright as stars.

"Well," she began, "when I was a little girl I had five brothers and four sisters, and we were so poor we never had a lot of nice toys to play with the way you have. There are two things I always wanted. I always wanted a white dress and a store doll and I never had either one. We

lived in a little red house in the country and a short distance from the house was a big oak tree—oh, such an enormous tree it was! The roots of it spread out in all directions just like the spokes of a wheel, and part of the roots were above ground. This divided the ground off in sections like slices of pie, and my sisters and I each had a section for a house, where we used to play when we weren't helping Mother. I was the oldest so I had to do the most work. I used to help the other children dress, although they did as much as they could, themselves. They *had* to. One person couldn't dress nine children, you know, and get them all ready for breakfast, unless they got up before daylight."

"Oh, I wish *we* had ten children," said David.

"You wouldn't wish so very long if you had them and you were poor, I can tell you," went on Mrs. Steadman," and yet we had fun, too. Our Mother was very,

very kind and gentle to us. I guess she felt sorry for us because we had so little and because Father was so stern and strict. We had to stand around when *he* was in the house. We were always glad when he went out and sorry when he came home, because it usually meant a whipping for one of us when he was around. He kept a birch rod in the corner, all ready for us. I can see it yet." And she sat still and looked way back, years and years, into her childhood, at the birch stick standing in the corner. The twins' eyes were as round as saucers. "I won't treat *my* children like that when I grow up," said David, "I'll be like *my* father. Tell some more. Tell about how you played under the tree."

"Well, we didn't have any dolls and toys at all like you have—the kind you buy in stores—but we made corn-cob dolls, dolls out of sticks of kindling wood dressed up in old pieces of calico and

dolls out of clothes pins if they were broken so that Mother couldn't use them. We had little flat stones and bits of broken china for dishes, bricks for stoves, and shingles with a brick under each end for tables."

"Oh, how lovely," breathed Henny, "What else did you have?"

"Well, there was a brook that ran near the tree. We used to make our dolls walk down to that, then we would take off their clothes and let them go swimming. You see there wasn't any paint on them to come off, so it didn't hurt them a bit to go in the water, and they could swim or float beautifully. They would swim a long way down the brook while we walked alongside with sticks to push them out if they stopped anywhere on the way. When they got to the Spring House a board stopped them and we would fish them out and carry them back to where their clothes were. Sometimes Mother

was in the Spring House making butter and she would give us a drink of buttermilk out of a great earthen jar that stood right in the brook. It was as cold as if it had ice in it."

"Tell some more. Tell some more, please," cried Penny.

"Let me see. Once I remember we found a dead bird under the tree. It was a beautiful little bird and we felt sorry it was dead, so we thought we would give it a funeral. We didn't have a box for a coffin so we wrapped it up in grape leaves and dug a grave. We stuck all the dolls in the earth around the grave to make them stand up and we had a funeral and put the little bird in the ground. After we covered him with dirt we made each doll carry a flower and lay it on his grave, so that it was piled quite high with flowers. Then we made a cross to put at the head. Before the summer was over we planted four small evergreen trees around that

bird's grave and watered them so much they lived and grew. If they are there now they must be enormous trees. I wonder if they are."

Just at this moment Mother and Sylvia came in to say goodnight. Mother looked darling in a "sparkly" black dress and Sylvia was radiant in a dress like a pink cloud. "Oh, you look just exactly like an angel, Sylvia," said David.

"You funny boy. How do you know how angels look, Davy?"

"I know how they *ought* to look—like you do now." The children were kissed goodnight and then they went to bed without making Mrs. Steadman any trouble, as they had promised they would. They lay awake a long time listening to the fun that was going on downstairs. How they wished they would hurry and grow up so they could go to parties instead of to bed at night!



CHAPTER VI

SPRING

ONE morning when Penny was being dressed she said, "After you get me geshed I will go out and look at the 'mom-eter and see if it is Sunday or Sp'ing-time or Wednesday," and after she looked she said, "The 'mometer says it is Sp'ing-time." It *was* Springtime and every kind of nice thing kept happening. First it was the snowdrops. One Sunday morning Mother was sitting in her pew in church and a rosy-cheeked Henny, her eyes big and round and shining, came all the way up the aisle, whispered something twice, then turned and ran out. Mother

couldn't catch what it was, and after church she asked, "What did you come to tell me, Henny?"

"I came to tell you that Davy's snow-drop is *blazing* with flowers," which news was enough to take the whole family out in the garden. There was the dear little plant with snow all around it, covered with delicate white flowers. They stood admiring it and looking at the buds not yet open on Henny's and Penny's plants, and Henny showed Father where she and Penny had been making a flower bed by sticking twigs in the snow in rows. "See our pleasant yitta garden," she said.

That very afternoon Penny fell in a pond of melted snow. It was quite deep and she got wet from head to foot. David jumped in after her, picked her up in his arms and carried her out. He tried to put her down on the bank, but she clung to him crying with fright and cold, so

somehow or other he managed to lug her all the way to the house. After Mother had given them warm baths and put on dry clothes, David sat in a little rocking-chair holding Penny on his lap, and they talked it over. He said, "I would have jumped in if it had been up to my head. Do you know the reason I did that, Penny? Because I loved you!"

"I wouldn't be afraid of bears if *you* came, Davy," she replied with a big hug.

Every day now there was some new sign of Spring to make them happy. David would discover a little patch of green grass, then the twins would find some, and everybody had to come and look. The sun began to feel warm and they would all stand in a row in some sheltered place letting it shine on their backs, just to feel how hot it was. The days were getting longer and longer until finally they could eat supper without a light.

That *was* an event. When they were half through supper they had to roll the shades way up to the top of the window and move the table nearer, and the light was turned on as soon as they had finished, but they *did* eat supper by daylight. Then big fat robins would hop about the yard chirping and pulling worms out of the ground. Finally one morning Mother called them all to the window and opened it wide to hear a bluebird sing. It was like a little bit of Heaven, *that* was. The furnace man told David he could catch all the birds he wanted if he would just put a little salt on their tails first, so one afternoon when the twins were asleep he begged some salt from Nora and tried and tried to get near enough to the birds to sprinkle it on their tails. He chased them from place to place around the lawn and he crept up under the bushes where they were sitting on the limbs, just as

softly as a cat, but the wise little birds saw him every time and flew away before he could even throw it at them. They weren't going to have salt on *their* tails, no indeed! David finally had to give it up and was glad when John Pepper came to fly kites.

For days and days after that the twins made all kinds of mud puddings and pies, while David and John dug underground tunnels. By and by it was time to plant the garden. Mother had a man to help her. Together they raked, set out plants and sowed seed. David and John Pepper went into partnership and spent all their money for seeds. Their garden looked like a cemetery with freshly made little mounds in it where the different kinds of seeds were. They made narrow paths to walk on so no one would step where anything was planted. At one end they stuck a horse-whip in the ground and tied

it to a stake and nailed on the stake a handsomely printed sign which read "Keep off this land. J. P. and D. H." Every day after school they planted and watered their garden before they went off to fly kites or play marbles or roller-skate. The twins had a garden, too, and Mother gave them seeds and some tulip and hyacinth plants in pots which she helped them set out so they would have something blooming and pretty without having to wait too long. They got John Pepper to print a sign for them which read, "His legs will be hurt if on this land."

Then there came two or three really hot days and the big cherry tree and two small pear trees burst into bloom almost as quickly as corn pops in a popper. Mother and Henny were looking out at them before bedtime. "Say goodnight to the trees before I pull down the shade, Henny." Henny kissed her hand to them

again and again and as the wind stirred the branches she said, "See them waving to me, Muddy."

David was hanging out of the nursery window watching Mr. Pepper mow his grass. He turned around to see Mother and the twins coming in the room. "Mr. Pepper," he said, "is mowing and unmowing his lawn. When he pushes the lawn-mower forward he mows it, and when he pulls it back, it doesn't cut the grass, so he unmows it." The air was soft and warm and there was such a lovely smell of cut grass and damp earth. The robins hopped about chirping and nobody wanted to go to bed, so they looked out of the window a long time. It grew darker and darker. The young moon and some stars came out. People sauntered by on the street. Mr. Pepper put his lawn-mower away and went in the house and at last Mother said, "Now we *must* go to bed."

She tucked them all in, gave them drinks of water, and the last thing she heard as she went out of the door was Henny sniffing and saying, "I like the smell of the wind, don't you, Penny?"



CHAPTER VII

SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY

BY and by summer came, and with it the day to go to Nayno's house. Nayno was Grandmother and Nayno's house was where Mother used to live when she was a little girl. To the twins and David it was the most wonderful place in the world. That morning when the trunks were going off and the last things being packed in bags, they ran around like rabbits, they were so thrilled. At last Nayno's car, which she had sent for them, drove up to the door. They flew out and spent the time talking to Edmond, the chauffeur, until Mother and Delia were ready and came out and helped them into their hats and coats; then the bags were put in and away they went.

They drove a long way into the country and at last came to Baydo's big iron gate (Baydo was Grandfather); the road that wound in and out; the big Sycamore tree; the end of the long piazza, and the front of it, and *there* they saw Baydo and Nayno with Dootsie, waiting for them. Such hugs, such kisses, such gladness! Such shouts and laughing, with Neddy, the dog, barking and jumping up at first one and then the other, almost knocking the twins down. Their hats and coats were off in an instant and David, Henny and Penny were running out to the big barn. First they went to look at David's pony, Princess, in her box stall. David hugged and kissed the pony who seemed to be glad to see him. She was brown and white and so little that David could look over her back. Then they opened the cow-stable door where they saw ever so many darling baby calves which came crowding up to the railing, shoving and



pushing each other, staring at the children with their great brown eyes, while David and the twins patted and talked to them.

“Come on, let’s go see the piggies now, shall we?” asked David, and they ran around behind the barn to where a piece of the orchard was fenced off, and there in one corner with a roof over their heads, were ten precious pink pigs fast asleep on the straw beside their mother. “Sh-sh-sh, don’t wake them up,” whispered David. They stood looking through the fence a long time. The pigs were all in a heap and the children thought the underneath ones must be very uncomfortable. Once in a while an under one would crawl out, climb up on top and go to sleep on the backs of the others; then there would be stretches and sighs, with a little squeal now and then. Suddenly the mother pig heard something (pigs have very sharp ears) and started up with a grunt; every little one was on his feet in an instant,

with ears sticking up straight. What she heard was the hungry squealing of the pigs in the other yard, and she knew Joe was coming with their dinner, so she joined in squealing, too. It was really a frightening noise and the twins ran back a little way, but David stayed right where he was. "Hello, Joe," he called when Joe came around the corner of the barn with a pail in each hand.

"Hello, yourself. Well, well, when did *you* get here? Are you going to help me this summer?"

"Yes, I am," said David, feeling very proud that Joe had asked him.

"We're going to help you, too, Joe," piped up the twins.

"All right, all right. I can't have too much help to suit me," replied Joe, winking at David.

"What are you going to do next, Joe?" asked David.

"Feed the chickens," said he.

"Oh, I want to feed the chickies," cried Penny, dancing along, and they all went with Joe to the Chicken House where he scooped up a basketful of feed out of the feed-bin, and gave David some in a quart measure, and the twins each a little panful. Oh, but it was fun going out in the chicken yard, having a whole flock of hungry chickens, turkeys, guineas, ducks and geese crowding around you so you could scarcely walk! Such a noise as they made! The twins were a little afraid, especially when a big rooster pecked in Henny's pan and upset it, but David knew they would not hurt anybody, so, as soon as Joe poured a long ribbon of grain along the ground and the fowls were busy picking it up, Henny and Penny weren't afraid, either.

Then they went hunting for eggs. Some nests had a china egg and a real egg in them. Some had a china egg and three real eggs or even six real eggs. The chil-

dren took turns lifting them out of the nests and putting them in Joe's basket. Penny took out one of the china eggs. "No," said Joe, "you must never take out the china egg."

"Isn't it good to eat?" asked Penny. Joe laughed fit to kill himself. "No, it ain't good to eat," he said.

"What's it there for?" asked Henny.

"It's there so the hen will know that's a nest. She steps in and she sees the china egg: then she says, 'That's the egg I laid yesterday. I'll lay one by it to-day, and to-morrow I'll lay another one; the next day I'll lay another, and when I get the nest full I'll sit on them and hatch out some chickens.' That's what the hen thinks when she sees that china egg."

"Don't you ever leave any eggs for her?" asked David.

"No, but after she has laid a good many she gets tired and won't lay any more and she sits on the nest all day and clucks

when she gets off to eat. Then I put her in a nice new nest with thirteen eggs under her. She sits on them twenty-one days and then the chickens come out. Come on, I'll show you some." They went in the hatching-house and there in a nest in a dry-goods box was a hen with a whole family of little chickens peeping out from under her feathers. Joe let each child hold one to see how soft it was, and Penny gave hers a kiss on top of its fluffy yellow head.

"They're coming out in the incubator over here, too," said Joe. "*Now* I'll show you something." They all got down and peered through the glass door of the incubator and Joe turned on the little electric light inside. All they saw first were four trays of white eggs, but they could hear the chickens peeping inside of the eggs. Then they discovered that many of the eggs had holes in them. "The chickens pick their way out," Joe explained. "They are all doubled up inside the eggs

and they pick and struggle; then they fall asleep and rest, and then pick and struggle again until the shell cracks open and falls apart. Look at this one here," he said. Sure enough, an egg near the door cracked in two, and a wet staggering chicken fell out! It struggled over the tops of two or three eggs and then sank down exhausted and went fast asleep. "Is *that* a chickie?" asked Henny in amazement. And no wonder. It wasn't soft and fluffy at all, but wet and skinny and ugly. "It looks like that because it was wet inside the egg and its feathers haven't got dry yet," said Joe. "Tomorrow morning when you come down here it will look just like those chickens with the hen, and there will be a lot more out." He tapped on the glass door and the chicken woke up and climbed a little farther back, away from the light, and sank down to sleep again. "Come now,"

said Joe, looking at his watch, "it must be your supper-time."

"Oh, Joe, haven't you got any kitties?" asked Henny.

"Yes, there's four in the barn."

"Goody, goody, we want to see four kitties," cried both twins rushing toward the barn. "Are they in the same place they were last year—in the manger?" asked David.

"No, the old cat hid them away in the hay-mow this time, but I watched her and found out where they were." The hay-mow was nearly empty, so they had to climb up a short ladder and then jump down on the hay. Joe caught the twins as they jumped so they wouldn't hurt themselves, but David stood on top of the partition and swung his arms and said,

"One, two, three,
The Bumble Bee,
The Rooster crows

And away she goes!" jumping down all by himself.

They tramped across the hay holding fast to Joe's hands, and way over in the corner he knelt down and reaching in a hole in the hay as far as his arm would go, brought out a tiny grey kitten. "See, it's eyes are shut yet. It is only four days old," said Joe, reaching down again and bringing out a black and white kitten this time. Then another grey one, and one that was black all over. The kittens crawled around on the hay mewling with faint little voices. They *knew* they weren't where their mother had told them to stay, in their own nest. Even if they couldn't see, they knew something was wrong. David and the twins picked them up and petted them. "When will their eyes come open?" asked David.

"On the ninth day," said Joe. "Their eyes always stay shut until they are nine

days old. Look what funny ears they've got, too. You never see a big cat with ears like that." Just then they heard a big cat-voice mewling, and the mother jumped up on the partition to see what was going on. She had probably been watching a mouse hole near by and heard her children crying. She talked to her babies, licking their fur, and pretty soon she picked one up—the black and white one it was—by the back of its neck and carried it down into the hole; then she came and took all the others. The children thought it must hurt the kittens to be dragged along like that but Joe said no, that was the way cats always carried their kittens.

"Hen-ny! Pen-ny! come to supper," somebody called from the house. Joe helped the children out onto the barn floor and they were starting to run when they saw Molly, their old sheep, with two little

black-nosed lambs, standing in the doorway. "Oh-o-o-o," cried Henny, and, "Oh-o-o-o," cried Penny. "Are those our lambs?"

"Yes, there's one apiece," said Joe. "I guess Molly thought you'd each want one."

"Oh, precious, precious," said Henny. "My prussia baby," said Penny, meaning precious only she couldn't say it.

"Hen-ny! Pen-ny!" came the call again. It was hard to leave so many wonders and treasures, but they ran as fast as they could to the house. There was a lovely supper waiting for them on the piazza, and when bedtime came they found Nayno had had a big sleeping porch built off Mother's room, and the twins' two cribs were on it, side by side, next to Mother's bed. It seemed strange to be in bed out of doors, and they listened to the frogs way off on the river, to the strawberry crickets, the mooing of a cow now

and then, and the stamping of the horses' feet in the stable. Once when a rooster crowed they thought he must be dreaming it was morning, and they smelled the lovely June hay smell, and fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER VIII

BARE FEET

THE twins woke up first the next morning and wanted to run into Nayno's room and get David. Mother said no they must wait until he was awake. Henny listened at his door. "Don't you hear that little noise of Davy?" she asked. It *was* his voice talking to Nayno. They opened the door, ran in and climbed on Nayno's bed. All four lay in a row with their heads on the pillow and talked and laughed and told stories until time to get dressed. Then they started tickling each other and they laughed and laughed so that Mother had to come and take them in her room for Delia to dress. "Mother, may we have bare footies?" asked Henny. "Oh, Mother, *please*," echoed Penny.

"Yes, if you will be very careful where you step so that you won't cut your little feet."

"Yes, we will, we will," they cried, jumping up and down and clapping their hands for joy. "Davy," they shouted, "we're going to have bare footies." "So am I," called David from Nayno's bathroom. It promised to be a hot day, so as soon as breakfast was over the three children ran out with their bare feet. "Feel the door mat," said David, standing on it.

"Oo-oo-oo, it scratches," said Henny.

"Feel how cold the piazza is," Penny walked on it. "But here it is hot, come stand here." They all three stood together on a place where the sun was shining, and which was so hot they had to jump right off. "Feel Neddy. Isn't he nice and soft?" asked Davy. They smoothed Neddy's head and back, they felt his paws with their feet, very gently,

so as not to hurt him, and Neddy opened one eye and shut it again.

“I’m going to see Princess,” said David. This was grand, to make a bare-foot excursion out into the world, away from the piazza. This was a real adventure. They took hold of hands and started to walk on the road, but their feet were so tender from wearing shoes they could hardly step at all. The little stones felt very hard and sharp, so they crossed slowly, step by step, over to the short green grass, and that was so deliciously cool and soft that they ran around, dancing, turning somersaults and rolling over and over down the hill. “I’m so happy. I’m so happy,” sang Henny, and they grew more and more happy all day, trying the feel of everything they could put their feet on, playing, until when they came in for their baths before supper they brought such dirty little feet, but not a cut or a bruise on one of them.

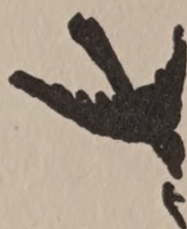
That was the beginning of a whole summer full of happy days. Mother let them have bare feet every day and they only wore socks and shoes when they were dressed up, which was not often, so they were as free and happy and healthy as any other little animals on the place, and that was very free and happy and healthy indeed.



CHAPTER IX

ROSE-HEART

TWO robins built a nest in the tree just outside of Mother's sleeping porch, and the three children spent a great deal of time lying on her bed watching them. When the nest was finished the mother robin laid an egg and flew off. Pretty soon the father robin flew up and stood on the edge of the nest for twenty minutes by the clock, looking at the egg, singing with all his might. After the four eggs were laid and hatched out, the father and mother carried food to their children all day long, and the baby robins grew bigger and bigger until Henny and Penny could see them sticking out over the top and sides of the nest. Then one day came a thunderstorm with a high wind that



tossed the branches about, and one of the robins fell out! David found it on the road beneath, after the storm, and brought it in the house. "Oh, Mother, may we keep it, *please?*" he asked, "I'll dig worms for it. Please, please let me have it."

So Mother put a lot of newspapers on the floor of her bay window and fenced it with a board and set down a dish of water for him, and David and the twins went to the garden to dig worms. They found a good place to dig, and the twins scrambled around and picked ever so many worms out of every shovelful of dirt that David threw out. It had just been raining and the worms had come up near the top of the ground to get a drink. There were dozens and dozens of them—tiny pink ones, long thick red ones and some with white rings around them, all squirming and twisting and trying to get back into the ground, but they couldn't escape such quick little fingers. The can was

soon more than half full, and back they ran to the house to see if the robin would really eat them.

Mother picked the first worm out and held it to his bill. He opened his mouth wide, threw his head back, and as Mother let the wriggling worm slide down his throat he gobbled and gobbled at it and chirped greedily all the time it was going down. Mother fed him two or three more and then David wanted to try, and finally the twins each gave him one, and then Mother said he must rest awhile or they would ruin his digestion. "I am going to call him Rose-Heart, Mother," said David. Rose-Heart had funny little fluffy grey feathers sticking up on his head here and there. They meant that he was still a baby, for when he grew up they would be gone. He became tamer and tamer and would let himself be picked up without trying to get away at all.

Several days after Rose-Heart became

a member of the family, another boy arrived to visit at Nayno's house—the children's Cousin William. William was older than David and could think of more things to do in half an hour than David could in a week. William wanted to camp out all night. He thought he and David could fix up a tent under the trees on the lawn, and take out some pillows and blankets, and was sure it would be more fun than anything in the world. Mother thought mosquitoes and stray dogs might bother them, and that they were too young to wake up in the night, maybe, and find themselves alone so far away from the house where everybody would be in bed, so she suggested that they play camping out in her big room. That satisfied them and all afternoon they brought in balsam boughs and fastened them on chairs for trees so that the room looked quite like a forest and smelled just like it. The twins begged the boys to let them camp out, too,

and finally got their consent. When supper-time came they spread a small tablecloth under the play-trees and had a picnic supper—sandwiches, eggs, milk and cake. It seemed like really camping in the woods. Then they pretended to sit around the campfire, while the boys played they were smoking, and told stories about what fish they had caught during the day. “This is fine tobacco,” said William, pretending to puff out rings of smoke. “I haven’t smoked any as good as this in a long time. Where did you get it, Dave?”

“I sent down to my New York club for it. It is the kind they always keep there.”

“You should have seen the fish I almost pulled into the boat to-day,” went on William. “I give you my word it was almost as long as I am, and *heavy*—well, it was so heavy it broke my rod. Then I pulled it in, hand over hand, until it was alongside the boat and then, just as I got

its head out of the water and was going to grab it with my hands, it gave a quick jerk—like that—snapped the line right in two, and away it went!” The twins’ eyes were as round as saucers. They almost believed he really *had* been fishing. “I had one,” said David, not wishing to be outdone, “that pulled so hard it pulled me right out of the boat. I swam along and kept hold of the rod all the time until we got to the falls and the fish jumped over and went down the falls and then I had to let go. If it hadn’t been for those falls I might have been swimming yet!”

“I fought I had a bite and when I pulled it out it was a big rock,” said Penny.

“*I* had a big fish on *my* line,” said Henny, “and it pulled the boat all the way to New York and I got out and went to see Uncle Ed and he gave me ice-cream. Then the fish pulled me all the way home again.”

“You win, Henny,” said William.

“Now we’d better think about turning in. Let’s put the robin in that box and set it here by us so it can be a bird singing in the woods when we wake up. We must all roll up in our blankets and go to sleep.” He rolled himself up in his blanket and the others tried to roll themselves up just as he did, and they lay on the floor, talked and laughed, and after a long time they fell asleep.

The next day Mother went away for a week. When she got back David and the twins had the long piazza decorated with green branches and flowers and a big flag. David threw flowers into the car as it drove up, and had Rose-Heart in his hand to greet her. By this time Rose-Heart was flying around outside, sleeping in the trees at night, and ever so many times a day he would come down on the piazza to be fed. When he got hungry he chirped and chirped from a near-by tree until some one answered, then he flew down and lit

on the back of a chair or on somebody's shoulder. Whoever it was had to get out the can of worms and feed him until he was satisfied. He would let himself be picked up and carried around for a while, but then he would suddenly fly up into a tree far above the house. One morning Mother looked out of the window before breakfast and there was Henny in blue rompers and with little bare feet, walking around on the grass in the sunshine, carrying Rose-Heart and singing to him. He seemed to be enjoying it as much as she was. The very next day he flew away and never came back. Perhaps he found his robin brothers and sisters and went south with them for the winter.

CHAPTER X

DAVID'S FISH-POND

FATHER had come to Nayno's house and was sitting in a big piazza chair with Henny on his lap. "Last summer I killed a miller!" said Henny.

"You *did*? How did you kill it?"

"Well, I stepped where it was and then it was dead," replied Henny. Father and Henny were watching for the big day boat to come up the Hudson. Another boat came down. "Read the A, B, C's on that boat and tell me the name of it, Father."

"That is the *Queen of the Hudson*," read Father.

"That is a lovely name for a boat," said Henny.

"Look at those beautiful clouds just

above the hills," said Father, pointing.

"Yes, I see them." Henny sat up straight and looked. "The angels come out and lie down there in a row, then when the sun goes down they get up and walk away," she said.

"Is *that* what they do?" asked Father. "Look, Henny, at the fireflies sparkling through the air."

"I know something, Father. The fireflies go up in the sky and that's what makes the stars."

"That reminds me that I know what little girls are made of," said Father. "They're made of sugar and spice and all that's nice."

"What are little boys made of?" asked Henny.

"Snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails. That's what little boys are made of," replied Father. "There comes one now." Walking up the hill from the river, carrying a large tin pail very carefully, was

David. When he caught sight of Father, he began to run, but the water slopped out and he had to slow down to a walk again. "Father," he called "I've caught a fish big enough to eat—a sunfish." Nayno came out of the front door and David brought his pail up and set it down where they could see. One small sunfish was swimming around in it. "Nayno, may I keep it in your bathtub, please?" he begged. Nayno couldn't say "no" to anything David wanted very much so she said "Yes," and got a great big hug from a dear little dirty boy in return. Henny slipped down off Father's knee and they went joyfully up the stairs to make the fish comfortable. Penny joined them on the way and both twins hung over the edge of the tub watching David turn on the water. When the tub was about a quarter full he dumped the pail of water and the fish right into it. The fish darted around like lightning in the long white tub. "Make the

water a little too hot and a little too cold and then it will be just right, Davy," said Penny.

"No, it isn't good to put hot in. That would kill the fish. Don't you know that?" asked David.

"Oh, Davy," cried Penny, "that fish is having the best time in there. I wish I were a fish!" David reached over to the sponge rack where Nayno kept his celluloid ducks and frogs that always took a bath with him, and picked out a painted fish which he put in the tub for company for the sunfish. He tried to shoo the live fish toward the celluloid one, but it darted and flashed back and forth like a crazy thing, and wouldn't notice it at all. "I guess it wants live fish for company. Tomorrow I'll catch some more—if I can," he added, remembering how he had fished all day long for this one. "Let's go down and get some stones so it will look more like the river. Maybe it's homesick with

all this white around." Davy picked up the pail.

"Oh, yes, let's." The twins clapped their hands at such a bright idea and they all went pell-mell down the stairs and out of doors to find stones. They filled the pail, and the twins carried that together between them, while David found a rock he could just lift, and carried that up. "This will be a good place for it to hide under, where this piece sticks out," he thought. When they had put the rock in one end of the tub and the stones along the bottom, the water was quite brown and muddy and David was sure the fish must feel much more at home. Then he remembered a little red stone castle that was down in the laundry. This used to be in a fountain when Mother was a little girl. It had doors and windows in it that the fish could swim through, so he ran down two flights of stairs and brought the castle up and put it in the other end of the

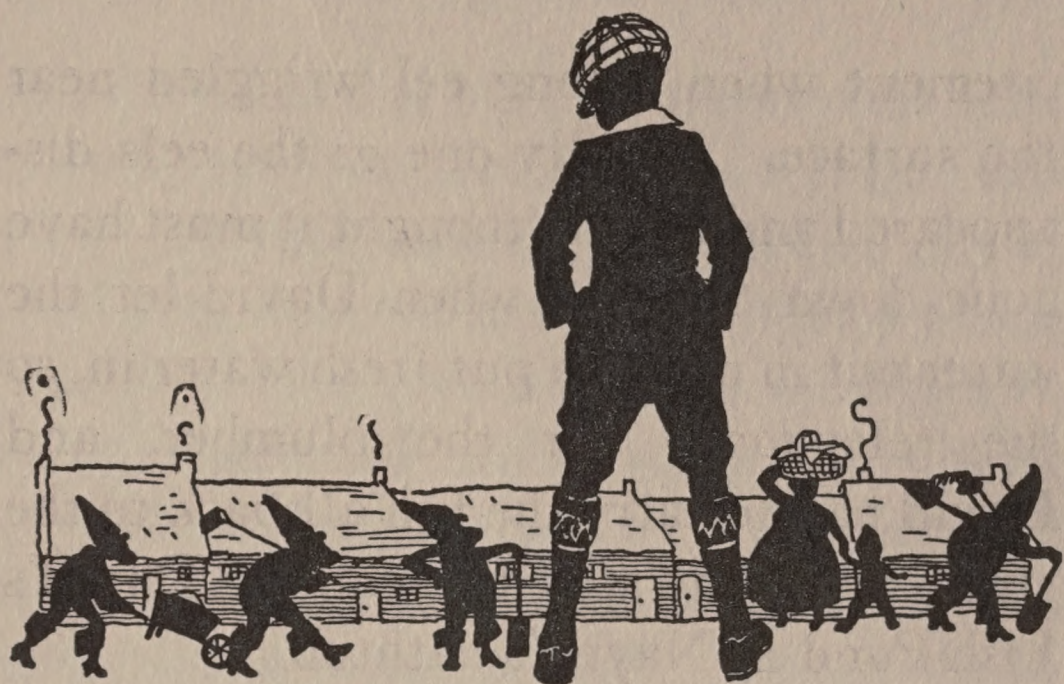
tub. "Now you'll have to have your bath in our tub to-night, Davy," said Penny.

"I don't mind that. I'd rather have the fish," he said.

The next morning David hurried through his breakfast and went straight to the river to fish. By night he had caught three more sunfish, and a kind man, who was also fishing, had given him five bullheads. That made quite a fish-pond. The children fed the new-comers bread crumbs, and could hardly be torn away to take their baths and go to bed. The next day another man gave David two big eels and three or four little ones, and he caught two more sunfish, himself. By this time Nayno's bathroom was smelling very fishy and she was obliged to take her baths in another room, which was not very convenient, but the children were having such a good time she could not bear to break it up. They kept stirring the fish up with a stick, and would shout with ex-

citement when a long eel wriggled near the surface. Finally one of the eels disappeared and Nayno thought it must have gone down the pipe when David let the water out in order to put fresh water in, so she telephoned for the plumber, and David had to carry the fish all back to the river, and that was the end of David's Fish-Pond in Nayno's bathtub.





CHAPTER XI

THE CHESTNUT MEN

ONE night just before Penny went to bed, she fell and hurt her head. Mother rubbed the place and gave her a bit of candy, and after the twins were in their cribs she asked, "Does your head ache now, Penny?"

"No, Mother," Penny answered, "the candy sweetened the ache away." Then Mother and David lay on the bed between the two cribs, covering themselves up all

nice and warm, because it had been raining and it was quite cold out there on the porch, "Mother," began David, "let's make a rule that every one that gets hurt at night has to have a story told to them." Mother did not answer. He began again, "Now let's have the story, Mrs. Nicest Lady in the World." No answer from Mother yet. "We're waiting for that story, Mrs. Best Story-Teller in the World!"

"What shall I tell about?" asked Mother, and sounds of satisfaction went up on all sides. "Tell about the Chestnut Men," came from one crib, and from the other, "Oh, *please* tell about the Chestnut Men, Mother.

"Well, once upon a time," she began, "there was a little boy, and one day he was playing out under a big Chestnut tree. He had a nice new knife in his pocket and he took it out and opened it and cut open one of the Chestnut burrs that lay under

the tree. To his great surprise a little man hopped out! Then he cut open another burr and a little man hopped out of that one, too. Then he cut open ever so many burrs and out came little men and women, children and cows, horses, sheep, pigs and even chickens. They were all as lively as crickets and ran about on the ground like a lot of ants. There would be a whole flock of chickens in one burr and *they* were so small that David (that was the little boy's name) could hardly see them. Their eggs were so tiny he could only see them with a magnifying glass! David saw that the wee men were trying to make him look at them, but their voices were so small he could not hear them unless he put his ear close to the ground. Then he heard them shouting, 'Please, sir, will you take us to the Tree Gnome to get some lumber for our houses and some furniture, and will you get something to eat for a present to the Tree Gnome,

and a basket to bring the things away in?"

" 'What does he like to eat?' asked David.

" 'He likes everything good to eat—pie and cake, puddings and everything sweet. He is always hungry,' they said. So David went down to the kitchen where the cook gave him a mould of lemon jelly with whipped cream around it. He carried that and a basket back to the Chestnut tree. The little men all got in the basket, and the little women and children stayed to keep the cows and horses, the sheep, pigs and chickens from straying away. David held the basket up to his ear and the Chestnut men told him to take a stick and knock three times on the trunk of the tree. He found a good stout stick and knocked three times, like this—rap—rap—rap. A small door in the tree that couldn't be seen at all when it was shut, flew open and there stood the strangest little man looking out at them, turning his

head from side to side. He had a long pointed grey beard, wore a high pointed hat and long pointed shoes. Said he,

“ ‘What do you want? What do you want? What do you want?’ three times like that, very quick and excited.

“ ‘Please, Mr. Tree Gnome, the Chestnut men would like to get some lumber and some furniture for their houses,’ said David.

“ ‘Well, what have you got for me? What have you got for me? What have you got for me?’ cried the Tree Gnome, speaking faster than ever.

David said, “ ‘I have some lemon jelly for you.’

“ ‘What’s that? What’s that? What’s that?’” The Tree Gnome was so eager he could hardly get the words out. David set the plate of jelly on the floor of the Gnome’s house and held the basket up close to the door while the Chestnut men climbed out of it and trooped into the back

of the tree to get their things. Then David stood outside and watched the Tree Gnome. First he put his finger in the whipped cream and licked it off, and he liked the taste of it so much and was so piggish that he grabbed up whole handfuls and crammed it into his mouth, making noises for all the world like a pig, only *worse*. . . . He had the most dreadful manners. As quick as a flash he stepped right into the whipped cream and gathered up whole *armfuls* of it. It got all over his clothes and his long beard, and when he came to the jelly he liked that even better than the whipped cream. He threw his arms around it so tight that of course he squeezed the top right off it and it fell on him. His head stuck up through the jelly and as he slipped on a piece he fell flat, all covered with jelly and whipped cream. But he jumped right up, still smacking his lips and breathing hard, and he ate up every scrap and licked the dish

just as a cat does. Then he went off in a corner, lay down and went fast asleep. Well, David had never seen anything like *that* before. He took out the empty plate and waited for the Chestnut men. In a few minutes they came, dragging boards, windows, tables and stoves and everything to put in a house. He helped them into the basket, closed the door of the tree and then carried them over to where their wives and children were. After that he lay down full length on the ground with his chin in his hands, and watched those marvelous little men work.

“They built the cunningest houses with wee front porches and teeny-weeny steps going up to them, and with windows and doors and up and down stairs just like big houses, and they made streets and drove horses up and down with wagons full of furniture. They put the furniture in the different houses, and by and by every single house had shades with curtains in

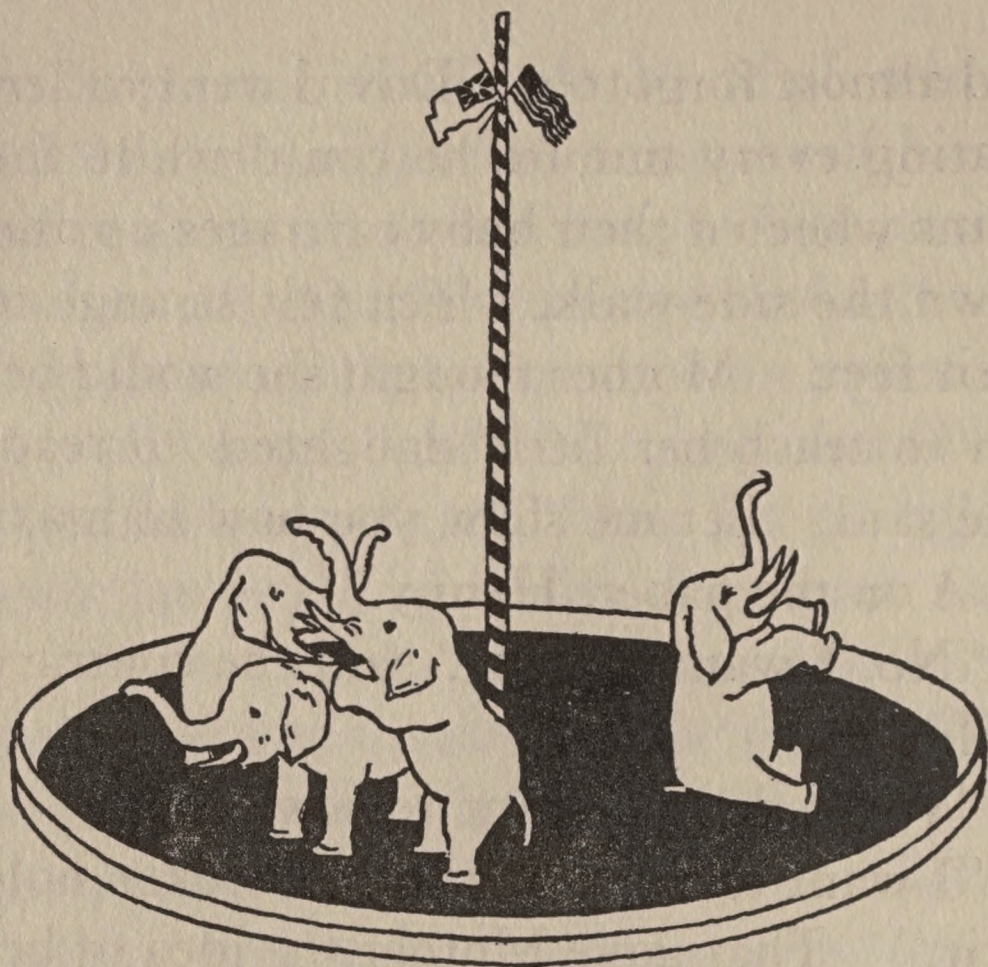
the windows, door mats, chairs and hammocks on the porches. Inside of every cunning little house there were chairs and tables, and pianos that tinkled like fairy bells; lamps, stoves, beds and cribs for the babies, with little bathrooms and everything you can think of, just like grown people.

“By that time it was getting late in the afternoon and smoke began to come out of all the little chimneys. David could see the women cooking supper on their kitchen stoves. Pretty soon the men put away their tools and fed their horses, pigs, sheep, cows and chickens, milked the cows, and went home carrying the cutest pails of milk. Their children ran out to meet them and held fast to their hands, talking all the way home, and their wives were smiling at the doors. When the Chestnut men had washed their faces and hands, they all sat down at their different little supper tables and ate their suppers

by the light of the little lamps; then David heard some one calling him to *his* supper, and he just *had* to go, much as he hated to leave them. That is the end of the story; now you must all go to sleep."

"Thank you, Mother," said David, snuggling up, and "Thank you, Mother," came from each crib. In a few minutes they were sound asleep.

The next day Penny came running around the corner of the house, her eyes as round as moons. "Mother," she cried, "I cut two peanuts open and nuffin' hopped out!"



CHAPTER XII

CIRCUS DAY

FINALLY the long happy summer came to an end. The family returned to town and David started going to school again. All three children were glad to see their old toys and the furniture in the house and people that they

had almost forgotten. David went roller-skating every minute he could while the twins wheeled their baby carriages up and down the side-walk, which felt strange to their feet. Mother thought she would begin to teach her little daughters to read. She said, "Let me show you how to make an A on the paper, Henny."

"No, I want to sew," said the contrary child.

"What do you want to sew?"

"I want to sew a rag with a broken hole in it." That gave Mother the idea of beginning sewing lessons, too, so she taught them how to make letters and how to sew. Every morning at nine o'clock they sat around a little table in the nursery and had lessons. As soon as the lessons were over, out they would go to play until dinner-time.

They had not been home a week before the circus came to town. David heard the boys in school tell how every year they

got up at four o'clock in the morning and went down to see the circus train come in—how they saw the elephants walk down the gang-plank, and the big tents put up, and all the actors eating breakfast in one of them.

Father thought David wasn't old enough to do that, yet, but said he would take them all to see the parade and the big show. It was on a Saturday, so there was no school, and half-past ten found Father, David, Henny and Penny standing on the curb at the corner with a crowd of other people. Far off up the street they could hear the music of the bands and see something glittering in the sunlight. Near by were two balloon men with great bunches of bright colored balloons, making their way through the crowd. Henny and Penny wanted a balloon more than they had ever wanted anything before, and jumped up and down for joy when Father called to the man and bought one for each



of them. The twins chose yellow ones and David a blue one, and what fun they had waving them about and bumping them into each other until the parade was close to them.

First came a magnificent Drum Major with a long silver bar keeping time for the band behind him; then horses and horses; ponies with riders beautifully dressed in silks and satins and laces. Then another band followed by great heavy gold cars creaking along with a sound unlike any other sound on earth, each drawn by ten or twelve or six horses. On the tops of some of the gold cars were bare-armed ladies reclining on cushions smiling down at them. Others were full of white-faced clowns who made jokes and called out to the people on the street, and one clown drove behind in a little donkey cart. He was the funniest of all.

Still another band and after that cars with the sides taken off to show the caged

animals within. Panthers, lions, tigers walked back and forth, back and forth, back and forth in their cages; bears waved their heads from side to side, monkeys climbed around and swung in little trapezes; a hippopotamus was in his bath. Then there were more closed cars with pictures of the animals on the outside, but you could only see *them* if you went to the circus.

Then the brazen deafening sound of the steam calliope, and behind that camels with humps, two by two, behind them elephants in single file, holding each other's tails with their trunks. Their skin was tough and grey like the bark of trees, their big round-toed feet padded along with a shuffling sound and they had a queer smell, different from any other.

The parade passed away down the street, leaving it blank and deserted—it was as if the sun had gone under a cloud.

But there was the circus to look forward

to, and after dinner they all went. They saw such wonderful things that they could hardly believe their eyes. When they got in bed that night, too tired for stories or anything but to fall asleep when their heads touched the pillows, David said, "Mother, how do you suppose God could make all those animals?"

"God can do everything," she replied.

"Well, all I've got to say is He must have had fun thinking up the different kinds." Then out went the light, and three children dropped off to sleep *almost* as quick as a wink.



CHAPTER XIII

THANKSGIVING

“**H**ERE comes the taxi to go to the train. It’s time to go to Baydo’s. Come on, Henny, come on, Penny,” called out David.

It was Thanksgiving Eve, and their bags and suit-cases were all packed and waiting in the hall. Hats, coats and gloves were put on, Father and David carried out the bags, Mother took hold of the twins’ hands and they all flocked down the steps to the cab. At the station were uncles and aunts, and on the train were another uncle and aunt with William, his two little brothers and his big sister with her husband and a darling new baby which Henny and Penny had never seen. Everybody laughed and talked all at once

and said "How have you been?" and "Isn't this fun?" The twins sat opposite the new baby staring at it and the baby stared back, trying to chew on its cap strings. "Can't the baby talk?" asked Henny.

"No, she isn't old enough to talk yet," said its mother.

"Can it walk?" Penny wanted to know.

"No, she can't walk either. I remember when your mother brought you two on the train the first time. You were just the size of this baby. Doesn't that seem funny?" Henny and Penny thought it was very strange that they could ever have been as little as that. They found that by clapping their hands and making funny noises they could get the baby to smile, and even to laugh out loud, so they entertained it until their elders began to stand up and get out the bags. The train stopped and they all piled out

on the platform and into the two cars that were waiting. It was dark by this time, although it was only five o'clock, and when they drove up to Baydo's the house was lighted up from top to bottom. At the door were Nayno and Dootsie and Uncle Ed to welcome them. Inside was a crackling fire in the fire-place, and the most wonderful smell of roast pig coming up from the kitchen.

Such fun it was, all piling in at once.

The minute William and David and the twins and the other two boys, John and James, got their hats and coats off, they started for the kitchen stairs. Down they went, pell-mell, through the dark laundry into the bright kitchen where some of their old friends were delighted to see them. "Please show us the pig, Rosy, will you?" they asked, and they gathered around the oven door just as they did every year. Rose opened the door, drew out the pan and there sat a whole little

pig! He was brown instead of white, and his ears and tail were tied up in white muslin so they wouldn't cook too quick and fall off. After he was shoved back in the oven and the door shut, Rose gave them each a nut-cake with raisins on top, because she said it would be a long time before supper. William told about the things that happened in his school, and David told about what they did in *his* school, especially the tricks the boys played on the teacher. John and James and the twins all had something to tell Rosy, whom they dearly loved, and there was lots of fun going on down in that big warm nice-smelling kitchen.

After a while they went upstairs and found mother sitting on the sofa in front of the fire, reading a book. They told her all about the pig, and then it seemed such a long time before supper would be ready, that they begged her to tell a story.

Some of the children sat on the floor at

her feet, and some snuggled into the cushions on the sofa. "I *always* tell the stories," said Mother. "This time you tell me one. David must begin, and then each of you tell a part of it. Now, David, we're ready. What is it going to be about?"

David thought for a minute. Then he began—"Once there was a little pig called Tommy Pork. He lived with his wife in a nice red pig-pen. Inside his house there was a bed, a stove and two chairs. His wife was a very good cook and used to make him nice rotten-apple pies and extra fine swill soup," All the children laughed at this, and David went on—"Tommy had a nice little store. He sold apples and swill for ten cents a pailful, and when the pigs were poor and could not pay so much he sold them apples and potatoes with worm holes in. The holes usually had live worms in them, but the pigs did not mind. They liked that

wormy taste. They said they wouldn't eat whole apples if they could, because the flavor wasn't so good! Now it's your turn, Janie." So Janie went on, "Tommy Pork's store was *very* neat. He used to get a woman pig he knew to come in and wash the floor of his store every morning before breakfast. The woman pig's name was Mrs. T. W. Pigwee. Mrs. Pork was Tommy's wife. She was very neat and systematic, too. She used to get up every morning at six o'clock and cook Tommy's breakfast. They ate in the kitchen. After breakfast she would wash the dishes and clean the nickel on her stove. Her stove was twelve years old, but it looked as new as if she had just bought it. Then she would get dinner, and after dinner she scrubbed the floor with a brush. By that time Mrs. T. W. Pigwee or somebody else would stop in to see her, and when they were gone, she had to cook the supper. She was as busy as a

bee from morning until night. Now, William, it's *your* turn."

"Well, one day," said William, "Tommy Pork was alone in the store when two ugly looking men pigs came in. They carried big sticks and had pistols in their belts.

"Give me the money out of the cash drawer," one of them said.

"I won't," Tommy said. Then one of the pigs held a pistol to his nose, and Tommy let out such a squeal that the other pig knocked him over the head with his club, and threw him behind the counter. Then they took down two new axes from the wall and chopped open the cash register and emptied all the money out of it. Then they smashed the glass showcase and filled their pockets with cigars, and off they ran, leaving Tommy unconscious behind the counter."

"Now let *me* tell," cried Penny, very much excited. "Tommy woke up and he

went home and he was mad because Mrs. Pig didn't hear him squeal, and he opened the door and there was Mrs. Pig in the kitchen with ten baby pigs. Mrs. Pig said, 'I thought I'd susprise you, Tommy.' (Penny always said "susprise" for "surprise.") "Tommy said he'd had two surprises in one day, and that was enough. Then he fell down in a faint."

"It's my turn. It's my turn," said Henny, clapping her hands and jumping up and down on her knees on the sofa. "Mrs. Pig threw water on Tommy to make him better and then she put him to bed and gave him nice hot chicken broth, and then she tied a ribbon around every little pig's neck and she put them all in a bastik" (she meant a basket) "and carried them in and put them on Tommy's bed and he named every one and they made a circus tent on the bed and played all night."

As Henny finished, they heard the sound of a car and rushed to the door, for

that was Baydo who had arrived from New York on the evening train. In the door he came, big and handsome and smiling, and everybody piled on top of him, and ever so many voices welcomed him at once and they took his bag and his newspapers and his boxes of candy away from him and escorted him to the back of the hall to take off his things. Then all the family, very hungry, gathered around the fire-place and Baydo stood in front of it and talked. The children put as many arms around him as there was room for, and pretty soon the dining-room door opened and they all poured through it; there they saw a long table, the whole length of the room, with a small table at one side for the younger children. On the long table was set out an old-fashioned supper, just like the one that used to be at Mother's grandfather's long ago, when she was a little girl. There was a high silver coffee urn at Nayno's end, pitchers

of cider, plates of rusk and bread, biscuits and cake of different kinds; dishes of preserves, jelly, honey, cheese and canned peaches and cherries. When the big people and the little people had hunted around and found the right chairs and were seated, in came two maids carrying a huge silver tray by its handles! There was the little pig sitting on it with a bright red apple in his mouth. Baydo stood up to carve him properly and when all the plates were filled with delicious tender slices of young pig with stuffing, mashed potatoes, turnips and apple sauce, there wasn't such a lot of Mr. Pig left on the platter, although there was enough for everybody who wanted it to have a second helping.

It was such a happy party. There were old family jokes that were told over and laughed at every year, and most of the company had funny stories and interesting things to tell. The grown-ups kept

looking around at the candle-lighted table where the children sat with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, enjoying it all just as much as the rest.

It was fun going to bed with cousins to play with, lights in every room and all kinds of extra cots and cribs to sleep on, and the next morning when they woke up it was Thanksgiving. There was snow on the ground, so after a breakfast of sausage, eggs, creamed potatoes and buckwheat cakes with maple syrup, the whole party went out to slide down hill on the sleds and old toboggan out of the barn. Then Baydo came and asked who wanted to go for a walk, and all the elders went with him around through the orchards and over the hills while the children kept on sliding.

For Thanksgiving dinner there were two big turkeys out of Nayno's flock, and three kinds of pie—pumpkin, mince and apple—for dessert, and ice-cream espe-

cially for the children. That evening there were games, and William and David had a wrestling match in the back of the hall. They were afraid to make a noise lest their elders should stop them, so all you could hear was the scuffling and their hard breathing as they threw each other down and rolled upon the floor.

Most of the company left on Friday, but some, including the twins, stayed until Sunday and had all that time to slide down hill and play and enjoy the nicest of all places to spend the Thanksgiving Holidays—the real country.





CHAPTER XIV

SNOW

ONE morning Mother came into the nursery to shut the windows and turn on the heat. She said "Good news, children," and they knew what that meant. That meant there was snow outside, because they always said "Good news" when the snow came. Up they jumped so pleased and happy, and looked out on a different world. Instead of being a colored world, it was all white. The sidewalk was gone, the fence and bushes were thick and woolly, the pine branches hung down soft and white, with a green

lining, and the air was full of whirling, swirling, dancing snowflakes. "Oh, I love it," said David, "the snowflakes look so happy flying like that."

"I'd like to be a snowflake," said Henny. "I'd come in the window and kiss Mother."

"Then you'd melt. If a snowflake gets on anything warm it melts and turns into a drop of water," said David.

"Does it, Mother?" asked Henny.

"Give me a snowflake, Mother, and let me see," said Penny. So Mother, who was brushing the snow off the window sill with a whisk broom before she could shut the window, said, "Hold out your hands," and she put a snowflake on each warm little palm, and those flakes turned into water before their very eyes!

"How can I go to school?" asked David.

"You can't," said Mother, "I wouldn't have you go out in this storm. I don't be-

lieve many children will go to-day.” Of course that pleased David very much and he liked the snowstorm better than ever. After breakfast they had the grandest time in the Playroom all morning. Outside the wind blew and the snow flew, making a lovely white light in the room where it was warm and cosy. The clock ticked in such a home-like way and Mother sat by the window sewing, and the children played circus. They all loved it and felt so contented and happy. They opened the doors of the old red Play-closet, took out the dolls and made them sit in rows on one side of the room for the audience. Then they fished out the animals. There were all kinds—a couple of elephants, a camel, a giraffe, two or three little monkeys, a panther with green eyes, a wolf, a fox, a pig and many others. They built cages for them with blocks and made the dolls walk by to look at them. “Wouldn’t

it be funny," said Penny, "if ladies weared their pocket-books on their toes?"

David had a box with two or three jointed wooden clowns and donkeys and step-ladders in it, and he made them perform and cut up such antics that the audience shouted with laughter (it was really Henny and Penny laughing, but they *played* it was the audience). By and by David and the twins did some acting themselves, and before anyone realized what time it was, they heard Father stamping the snow off outside the front door and that meant he had come home for lunch, so they flew down the stairs to let him in and gave him some big hugs and his face felt so nice and cold.

"Father, may we go out after dinner?" they asked, and Father said it was not snowing hard now and he thought it would be all right if Mother wrapped them up well.

"Father," said David, "I believe this tooth is coming out. It is so loose on its hinges."

"It is," replied Father. "Will you let me tie a thread around it and pull it out?"

"Yes, you may do it right this minute." David felt very brave, and Father tied the thread around the little loose tooth and Henny and Penny stood close by, looking on. Father gave a quick jerk, and out it came and never hurt a bit. "There," said Father, "look at the fish I caught."

"I wish *my* teef would come out," sighed Penny.

Father turned Davy around to the light. "Let me see where it came from, Davy. Why, there's another one growing in its place. This new tooth must have been pushing the old one out."

"I am going to save this tooth for Nayno. Will you put it away for me, Mother?" David asked, handing it to her.

"Yes, I will. Nayno will be so pleased. Come to lunch now, boys and girls," said Mother.

Afterward she bundled them up in leg-gings, arctics, coats, caps and mittens, and out they went into the soft fluffy snow. It was so high they had to climb over it to get to the barn where their shovels and sleds were. John Pepper came over and he and David built a fort to get behind when they had a snow-ball fight with the boys on the street. Henny and Penny made a great snow-ball which got bigger and bigger as they rolled it around until they couldn't budge it any more. Then John and David rolled it until *they* couldn't move it, and you can imagine how enormous it was by that time. Then Mother called out of the window that they had been out long enough, and to bring John in and they could have a tea party.

They found the Playroom table set with tea things and candles burning. There

was nice hot cambric tea and toasted bread sandwiches with strawberry preserves in between. Oh, but they tasted good. David spilled some tea on his legs and Mother wondered if he would catch cold from it. He said, "No, I won't, Mother. It's just like a bath," but she had him dry his stockings near the register just the same.

By night the snow had turned into a cold rain. When they went to bed David took one of the flowers off the prayer table and slipped it out of the window. "I am putting it out for the fairy that is out there in the dark," he said.

In the night it stopped raining and a cold wind blew. You never saw anything more beautiful than the trees the next morning. They were ice trees. Their branches tossed and crackled stiffly in the wind, and the sun rose and turned them into dazzling silver. It was Fairyland out of doors. And it was Saturday, too!

"Children, our icicle has come back. Come and see," said Mother. There it was in the very same place as last year, turning and twisting, while all the other icicles hanging from the roof were stiff and still. David remembered it had been there last winter. Mother showed him how it was formed on a hair that had got caught on the roof some way and that is why it was loose, and twirled around instead of being immovable like the rest. "Isn't it strange that a hair could have stayed there all that time. It must have been a strong one," said Mother, and all their life long they remembered it and when they were grown up they would say "Do you remember our icicle?" when they would see a row of icicles hanging from some roof.

After breakfast they went out to play. There was a lovely crust on the snow and they slid around on it. John and Jamie came over and they fastened four sleds

together, making a train. The train ran from Lima Bean Town, where the Lima beans had been last summer, to Rose Village, where the rose bushes were, stopping at Violet Place and Bachelor Button Station on the way. Then they took the huge snow-ball for a foundation and built a snow man on top of it. He was big and tall and had coals for eyes, a stick for a pipe and an old hat of Father's on his head and a muffler around his neck. The twins were *almost* afraid of him—he looked so fierce and real.

In the afternoon they made a snow hut and scooped out the inside so that it was big enough to crawl into, one at a time, if you kept your head down low. That night they were so tired with all that hard work that they never even asked for a story, but went to sleep the minute Mother put out the light.

CHAPTER XV

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

DAVID was on his knees in front of Henny, which made him just as tall as she was when she was standing on the floor. "Love Brother, Henny," he said. "Put your arms around his neck and love Brother sweetly." Henny threw her arms around him and squeezed him much too hard. "Now come and sit on my lap and I'll tell you about Christmas." It was Sunday afternoon and David had been hearing all about Christmas in church. He led Henny to a little rocking-chair that had been Mother's when she was as small as Henny, and lifted her up on his lap. "I call Christmas the Glad Day because God was born on Christmas Day. Isn't that a good name for it,

Henny—the Glad Day?” Henny, who didn’t know a thing about it, clapped her hands. “Ye-e-e-es. Tell about it, Davy!”

“Well, God lived way up in Heaven and people didn’t know what He was like, so He came down to earth so that everybody could talk to Him and know Him. He didn’t have a nice house with a nice bed to sleep in like you have, Henny. He was born in a barn and slept in a manger on the hay so that little poor children wouldn’t be afraid to come near Him like they would if He had been born in a king’s palace and had rich clothes and lots of servants to wait on Him. He was King of the whole world, so He *could* have come down and lived in the biggest finest house there was, but He didn’t want anybody to be afraid of Him or think He was better off than they were. His mother and His foster-father were on their way

to Jerusalem to pay taxes and they stopped to spend the night in Bethlehem. There wasn't any room for them to stay in the hotel, so the landlord told them to go out in the stable, and they did. In the night Jesus Christ was born. There was an ox in the stable, Henny, and he said 'Moo,' and there was an ass and he said 'He-haw, he-haw,' and all the animals were glad. By and by some shepherds that heard the angels singing out in the fields came and worshipped Him, and that was the first Christmas Day. Christmas is our Lord's Birthday. Jesus was the first Christmas Present and that's why we give presents now, Henny. Will you remember that?"

"Yes," Henny began to sing in a loud voice without much tune—"Jesus was the first Christmas Present and that's why I'm going to hang up my stocking and find a ball and a dolly in it and we're going to have a tree and everything!" Penny

came running in to hear what all the noise was about, and David put his arm around her, too.

"To-morrow after school," he said, "I'm going to take you two down town all alone to buy Christmas presents, but you mustn't tell what we get and we'll hide the things away until Christmas morning. We'll hide them in the closet under the stairs. Won't that be fun?"

The next day, after dinner, three happy children started out, each with a dollar, to buy Christmas presents. Henny's dollar and Penny's dollar were in little blue pocket-books that hung on chains, but David's was in a purse in his coat pocket. They walked hand in hand down the snowy street through crowds of smiling people whose arms were full of packages. *They* were smiling because they had been buying things to make other people happy. When the children reached the red outside of the Ten Cent Store they turned in, and

David pushed the big door open and held it for his sisters to go through. They were quite bewildered at being squeezed in between so many tall persons whose faces were far above them, and by the smell of the candy, the playing of a piano somewhere in the distance, the ringing of the cash register bells, and the glimpses of glittering shiny things that they caught here and there. David unbuttoned the twins' coats so they would not catch cold when they went out, and led them carefully through the crowd. "Let's buy Mother's present first," he said. They were looking through the glass counter at trays and trays of pins and rings and chains all sparkling in the electric light.

"I'm going to buy Mother that chain and locket with the blue stones in it," David decided, pointing to it. "Why don't you give her that pin with a blue stone to wear with it, Henny, and Penny can get the cuff links."

“No, I’m going to give her a washcloth,” said practical Penny, so David and Henny bought the chain and locket and the pin, while Penny picked out a pretty washcloth with a blue edge. Then they bought for Father a pipe and a screw-driver that he had been wishing for, and a paper-weight made of glass and filled with water. If you turned it upside down something that looked like fine white snow fell on a little church inside.

After they had purchased things for Nora and Delia, too, David said, “Now we’ll get each other’s presents. Henny must stand here by the dishes and we’ll go over to the toy counter, Penny, and buy *her* things, then you can stand here and Henny and I will buy yours.”

“Yes, and then you’ll have to stand here and we’ll buy yours, Davy,” cried both twins at once, perfectly delighted with the idea of shopping by themselves. “Now Henny, don’t go away from this

counter where the dishes are, and no fair looking at what we get. You won't, will you?"

Henny shook her head solemnly and turned her attention to the cups and saucers in front of her, while David and Penny pushed their way to the toys. David looked over the counter. "I'm going to buy her a ball," he said, "she wants that, and *I* think it's the nicest present anybody could have." He picked up a base-ball. "Isn't that a dandy?" He dropped it back in the box and turned to some others. "I guess girls like soft balls better, though. I'll get her this red, white and blue one that bounces." He paid the smiling clerk ten cents and when she leaned over and asked Penny, "What do you want, little girl?" Penny pointed one small finger at a black horse harnessed to a red wagon. Then she put the same small finger and her thumb into the blue pocket-book for the ten-cent piece David

told her to give the clerk, and somehow or other the pocket-book turned upside down and all the money fell out and rolled about under people's feet. David scrambled around and picked up the shiny dimes putting them back, all except the one that was to pay for the horse and wagon, and kissed his sister and said, "Now, it's all right," and the clerk handed down the big package, nicely tied up with paper and string, and back they went to the place where Henny was standing with her back turned faithfully toward them.

"Now, Penny, *you* stand here just like Henny did, and hold this package for Brother, too, will you?"

So Penny stood where she was told, with her two little arms full of parcels, and people who walked by said, "Look at that cunning child," and one said, "Are you playing Santa Claus, little girl?"

At the toy counter David picked out a doll's bed for Penny, and Henny bought

a horse and wagon exactly like the one Penny had for her.

Then it was David's turn to stand by the dishes and wait. Henny and Penny were so little that they couldn't see what was on the counter although they stood on tiptoe and tried to look over the edge. Pretty soon the clerk, who was a very kind girl, saw them and asked "Do you want to buy something, kiddies?" They said, "Yes, please," and she lifted them up, one at a time, so they could see to pick out David's presents. Penny bought him the base-ball and Henny a policeman's whistle. The kind clerk put the ball and the whistle in their pockets for them so that when they went back to David he couldn't see a thing!

"We've got your presents, Davy," cried Penny, "and they're in our pottets so you can't see 'em."

"Guess what they are," said Henny.

"No," Davy answered, "I won't guess,

because I might guess right and then it wouldn't be a surprise. Now let me button your coats and we'll take our things home and hide them away."

They walked slowly along the street, stopping and looking in every shop window, and I couldn't *begin* to tell you all the things they saw—sleds and blocks, dolls and a train running round on a track with a real little head-light on the engine, and a big doll's house with the grown-up dolls sitting at the table downstairs and a cook in the kitchen and some baby dolls in bed upstairs. Further along the street they looked at books and ladies' dresses; hats, silver, candy, a Christmas Tree, turkeys and chickens without any feathers, hanging by their feet, and oranges and cranberries. Finally they actually saw Santa Claus walking up and down in a store! David wanted to go in and speak to him, but the twins were afraid, so they went on home, and when they got in the

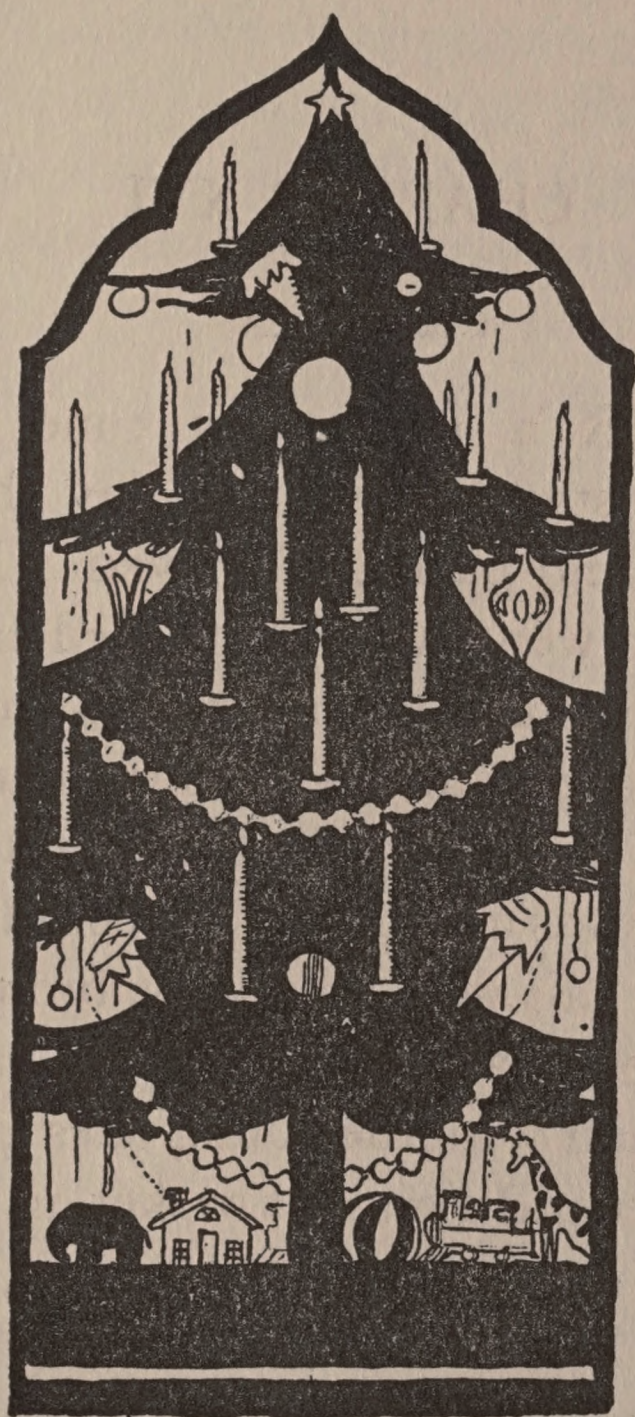
house they hid their packages in the closet under the stairs where it was dark and no one could see them until Christmas.



CHAPTER XVI

CHRISTMAS

AFTER a long, *long* time it was Christmas Eve. All day the door bell rang and packages arrived. Mother and David went out with his sled and took presents to some people who lived down near the factory and wished them a Merry Christmas and many of them. Old Sally Ann, who was as black as she could be and so old her hair was quite grey, brought the children each a little pie. She sat on a kitchen chair with the young ones gathered around her and a market basket on her lap. She said in her quavering voice, "Now children, I've brought something in this basket for each one of you. We had lots of nice Baldwin apples on the old tree in our yard, and Lewis, my husband, he



picked those apples and put them in barrels in the cellar, and I said, 'Now when Christmas comes, David and Henny and Penny must each have a little apple pie' so yesterday I went down cellar and I brought up a pan full of the best apples. I peeled them and made a little pie for David, a little pie for Henny and one for Penny."

As she spoke she took off a paper and a clean white napkin, and they saw the three little pies in a row, each one in a small pie tin. She gave one to David and one to Henny and one to Penny.

"Oh, *thank* you, Sally Ann," they said, and each one felt so proud to own a whole pie instead of just having a piece cut out of a big one. Mother came in and looked at them. "No one can make pie crust like yours, Sally Ann," she said. "They look perfectly delicious. Now let me have your basket a minute. I want to put some Christmas things in it." So she filled it

up full and Sally Ann went away with the children calling "Merry Christmas" after her.

In the afternoon the tree came and Mother brought down the box of ornaments, and *then* weren't they busy trimming it. Jamie, from next door, and John Pepper came in to help, and they got a step-ladder and put a bright star on the very tip-top of the tree, colored balls and apples, icicles and a peacock with real feathers in its tail, and yards and yards of sparkling tinsel. There was a little manger underneath with the Holy Family and an ox, an ass and a sheep in it. Mother hung wreaths in the windows, tied with bright red ribbon, and trimmed the house with holly, making it look so dressed up and gay and different. Then supper was ready. There were red candles and poinsettias on the table, and after supper they hung up their stockings in front of the fireplace and finally they went to bed.

When they were tucked in, Mother went to the book-shelf and got "The Night before Christmas" and read it to them. What thrills they had when she read:

"When what to my wondering eyes should
appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny
reindeer";

They could almost *see* him on the roof with the eight tiny reindeer pawing the snow.

"With a little old driver; so lively and
quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick."

Henny and Penny wondered if they could stay awake and see him come.

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now
Prancer! and Vixen!
On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder and
Blitzen.
To the top of the porch, to the top of the
wall!

Now, dash away, dash away, dash away
all!"

It made you sit right up in bed to hear
Mother read that, and then came:

"He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave
a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down on
a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out
of sight,
Happy Christmas to all and to all a Good
Night."

Some last kisses, and out went the light,
leaving three happy children to dream
about Santa Claus.

It was pitch dark when David woke up
the next morning, but he remembered instantly what day it was and began shouting "Merry Christmas." The twins woke up and they started shouting "Merry Christmas" and in a few minutes Mother and Father came in saying "Merry Christ-

mas.” Down the stairs they all went, in bathgowns and slippers. Father turned on the library light and, sure enough, there were the stockings filled to the brim, and ever so many packages underneath.

“Father, please lift me up to get my own stocking,” said David; so he lifted them each up in turn, and made a nice blazing fire in the fire-place, and then wasn’t it fun sitting on the floor, pulling out those lumpy things and feeling further and further down in the stocking until they got to the very toes! All kinds of things came out—toy wrist-watches, mouth organs, horns, dolls, animals and mice that would run around on the floor when you wound them up; apples, oranges and candy canes, and way down in the toes there were marbles.

When the stockings lay limp and empty on the floor, they turned to the boxes and Henny and Penny each found a doll’s bureau and bed; some chairs and a new doll

with a trunkful of clothes—a tray in the trunk with fans, gloves, handkerchiefs, an extra hat and everything.

David had a tool-box, a pair of new roller skates and a whole herd of little cows with real skin on them, dark red cows like Baydo's live ones, just what he was wishing for. David whispered to the twins, "Let's go and get our presents that we bought, now!" so they rushed off to the closet under the stairs and brought out their packages, and *wasn't* Mother pleased with the locket and chain and pin with the blue stones in them and the washcloth with the blue edge! "See, they all match," she said, and Father said, "Blue is your color, too," and, "Well, well, how did you children know I wanted a pipe and a screw-driver and how nice this paper-weight will be on my desk on a hot summer's day. I will turn it over and see the snow falling and it will cool me off when the thermometer is one hundred in the shade."

“Now see what I’ve got for you, Henny,” said David, and Henny opened the paper with the red, white and blue ball in it and hugged David for it. Then she opened the package of the horse harnessed to a red wagon and hugged Penny for that, and Penny opened the doll’s bed and horse and wagon, and David the base-ball and the policeman’s whistle, and there were more hugs and kisses. Then Mother and Father went upstairs and dressed and started off to church, while the children gathered their new toys together, took them up to the nursery, and got dressed for breakfast.

After breakfast they went to church with Baydo and Nayno, who arrived from the country just in time. The church smelled perfectly delicious, like pine trees, and they saw the manger filled with straw and in it were the Holy Family and the shepherds and animals and two angels, and a star overhead. Far up in the chan-

cel the altar with its twinkling lights looked as if it stood out in the woods—there were so many trees around it.

The children loved the Christmas carols, and even Henny and Penny could sing one which they had learned by heart. It was—

“Away in a manger,
No crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the sky
Looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus,
Asleep on the hay.

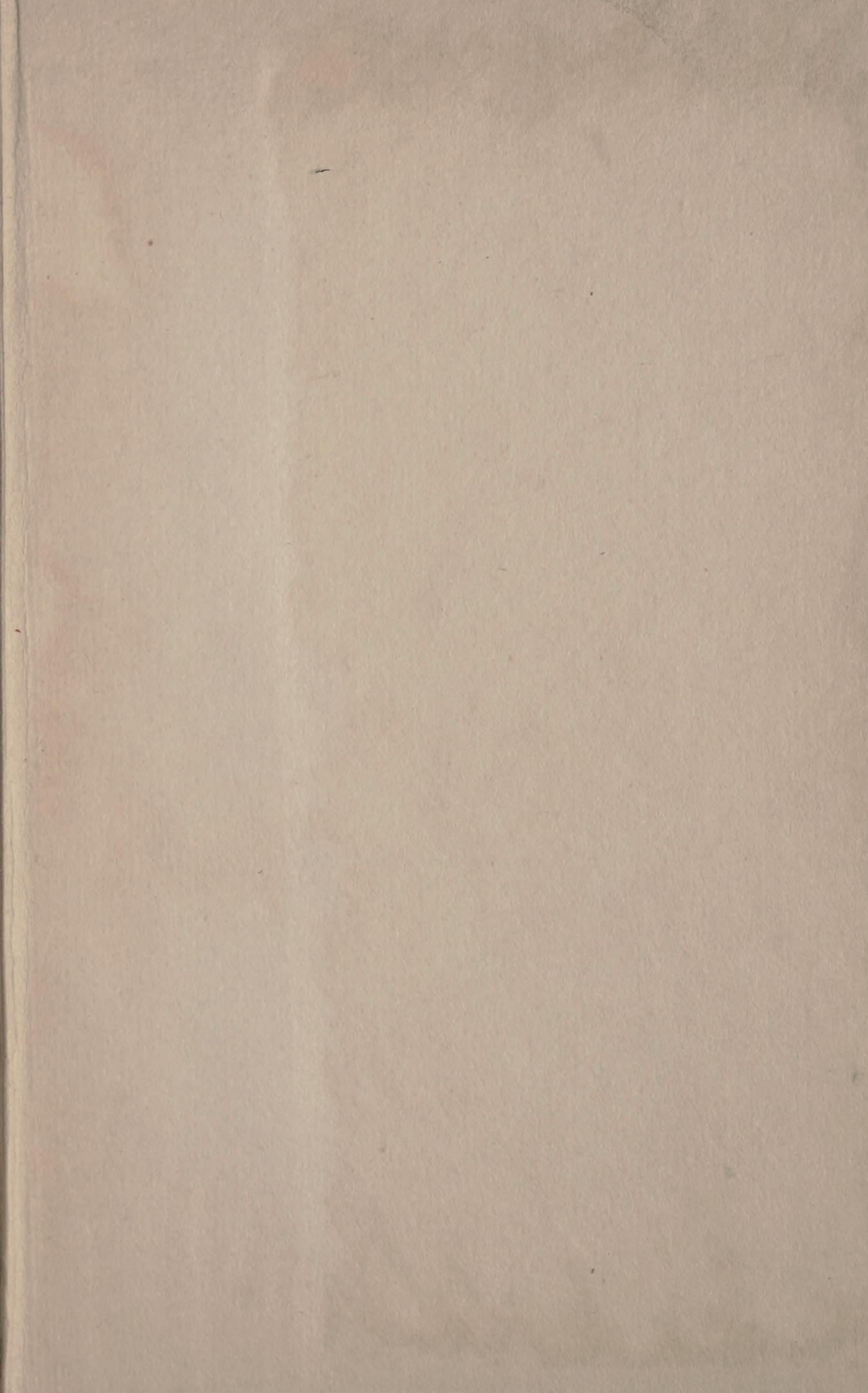
“The cattle are lowing,
The dear baby sleeps,
O’er little Lord Jesus
Sweet Mary watch keeps.
Thee, dearest Lord Jesus,
We love and we greet;
We worship Thy Godhead,
We kneel at Thy feet.”

When they came out of church it was snowing, so they hurried home and stamped and brushed the snow off before they went into the house. Then Baydo and Nayno had to go up to the nursery to see the presents and to get their own which the children had tied up for them with silver string.

For dinner there was turkey and plum pudding with a piece of holly stuck in the top, and after dinner the tree. Every year ten children came from the Children's Home to help enjoy the tree, and when they arrived in Baydo's car which he had sent for them, David and Henny and Penny ran out to meet them, and helped them take off their coats and hats. At first the little visitors were rather silent and said "Yes, ma'am," and "No ma'am," and not much else, but when they were all seated around the tree and Father found presents for every one piled up under it, and David and the twins ran back and

forth asking their names and giving them the things Santa Claus had brought for them, they soon began to act natural and blew their horns and played on their mouth organs just like any one else. Then David and Henny and Penny helped to pass the sandwiches and ice-cream and cakes and candy and Father played some lively tunes on the victrola and it was really getting quite noisy when the time came for them to go home.

Not long after that three tired but happy children were put to bed. "The tree was the nicest part of all, Mother," they said. "Do you know why that is?" asked Mother. "It is because you were doing something to make some one else happy. You must always remember to try to make other people just as happy as you possibly can," and they said, "We will, Mother. Goodnight."



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